

Famous FEATURE Stories

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NO. 1

ALL
STORIES
COMPLETE

TERRY
and the
Pirates

**SMOKEY
STOVER**

**DON
WINSLOW**
OF THE
NAVY

**DAN
DUNN**
48

**Lane Grey's
KING
OF THE
ROYAL
MOUNTED**

DICK TRACY
DETECTIVE

**SMIKIN'
JACK**

**Little Orphan
ANNE**

Famous FEATURE Stories

NUMBER
ONE



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DICK TRACY . . . *Shoots it Out*

By CHESTER GOULD

"Come on, boys!" Dick Tracy called over his shoulder and whipped out his automatic. "Let's push up closer to the house!"

The building toward which the ace detective led his men was, to all appearances, an unpretentious, two-story house; but to Tracy, to Pat Patton, his assistant, to Jim Trailer, G-Man, and to the five other policemen, it was the spot destined for the final shooting with the Moline gang.

For weeks Tracy had been hot on their trail; for one week he had actually become a member of the gang, employing so convincingly the disguise of one of the killers, as to be taken in on a bank hold-up. There had come disaster, for, though Tracy had given the tip-off to headquarters and so brought about the frustration of the robbery, his identity had been discovered. By a miracle he escaped unhurt.

Thereafter he redoubled his efforts to bring about the gang's downfall, and the killers, in turn, sought a personal vengeance upon the detective. Their malice had been expressed in a series of letters threat-



Snipe Fell to the Floor

ening the kidnapping of Tess Truheart, Tracy's fiancée.

A guard had been placed, night and day, around the girl's home and Tracy had gone after the gang tooth and nail.

There now remained, to his knowledge, only five members. These included Chalk, the Eel, Jitters Moline and his younger brother, Snipe, and the gang's leader—which was no man, but the mother of these two—Ma Moline. She was an old woman, absolutely without fear, guided mainly by a deadly hatred of the police. Time and again her sons had rebelled, and begged to turn from their life of crime. But each time their mother had forced them to obedience; each time she had succeeded in a more daring robbery. Nor was this all. Her method included wholesale mowing down with a Tommy gun, whether her victims offered resistance or not.

The score against Ma Moline was a heavy one and Dick Tracy was hoping now to settle it.

"Push up closer behind those bushes!" Tracy snapped.



"Come On, Boys!"

The men scattered to obey as Tommy guns spat their deadly fire from the upstairs window.

Ma Moline was an expert marksman and Officer Mosley lurched forward, his hand to his shoulder. But, scarcely had her gun spoken when Tracy's answered. In that upstairs room, Snipe cried out sharply and fell to the floor.

In an instant Ma Moline and Jitters bent over him.

"See?" Jitters whined. "I told you, Ma! They've — they've got Snipe!"

The old woman saw that this was true. Nevertheless her answer was a snarl.

"Shut up!" she barked, and reached for her younger son's feet. "Grab his arms!" she told Jitters. "We're going to heave him out the window. Then—in the confusion make our getaway down the back stairs!"

Jitters opened his mouth to protest, but one look from his mother quieted him. Together they hurled the body through the glass and its fall to earth had the effect Ma Moline desired. The firing below ceased as Tracy and the men rushed forward. A few moments too late they realized that Ma Moline and Jitters had made their escape.

"Go back to headquarters!" Tracy told



"Go Back to Headquarters!"



Junior Pulled Tess Along

the men in the car. "Send a radio flash to squad cars to watch the highways for Ma Moline. Also send an ambulance to pick up Snipe. Step on it!"

Ma Moline and Jitters had escaped, but there were the others. Later that very day, mistaking Toby for Tess, they cleverly abducted the girl as she was coming out of her friend's home.

It was Junior who brought the news to Tess.

"They think they've got you — and they've got Toby! So you don't have to stay cooped up now, Tracy says. He's gone ahead to Milleville and Jim Trailer is waiting for word from him now."

"Milleville!" Tess exclaimed. "We know that little town, and we know the country around there, Junior. Remember, we spent that summer at Drea's farm! I have an idea—"

"So have I!" Junior cried. "But you better get into some men's clothes. Then let's get down to Jim Trailer and be ready when Tracy sends word. Come on—Tess—hurry!"

He flew out the door, pulling at Tess's hand to hurry her along.

Shortly after Tess presented herself to Jim Trailer at headquarters.

"Perhaps Dick would not consent to

what I want to do," she said earnestly, "but I feel that I must be in on this, Jim! Junior and I want to carry on an investigation of our own."

"Yes—?" Jim encouraged her.

Tess twirled the heavy cap in her hands. It was a cap large enough to conceal her golden hair.

"Toby was kidnapped because—they thought they were taking me," Tess continued earnestly. "I have to help, Jim. I can't stand by and wait and wonder! And Junior and I know the country around Milkville—"

Jim Trailer nodded in understanding.

"I know how you feel about this, Tess—but it isn't little girls' work—"

With a quick thrust of her fingers Tess pushed her hair up and pulled the cap down over her head.

"Look at me!" she commanded. "Do I look like a little girl?"

The G-Man thoughtfully stroked his chin. Indeed, in her heavy trousers and rough sweater, Tess looked like a young man—a fellow who would do what he made up his mind to do. And one thing was certain, she did not suggest any connection with the police.

"It might work out—" he began, and then there came a sudden sharp ringing



They Saw the Black Sedan

of the telephone. "Yes?" he said in the mouthpiece. "Yes!—Okay! We'll be there!" Slamming down the receiver he faced Tess. "Can you drive a truck?"

"I can!"

"Come on, then. That was Tracy. He's out on the Milkville road near the Dover junction. We're to take a squad and hurry out—stall the truck—and wait. Come on!"

From a desk drawer Jim Trailer took out an automatic and thrust it into the girl's hands. Tess took it, jammed it into her hip pocket.

"And I know what to do with it!" she said as they hurried to the truck.

It was perhaps an hour later that Tess, with Junior at her side, drove down the lonely country road. Concealed in the back of the truck were Jim Trailer, Pat Patton and three picked men. It was dark now and a raw wind was blowing.

"This is the spot, Tess," Junior said hoarsely. "Here's where we park the truck."

"I know." Tess maneuvered the heavy truck across the road. They climbed out and set to work to remove one of the tires. Then, for what seemed hours, they waited.

At length a black sedan came speeding along. With a screeching of brakes it



Tess Dressed in Men's Clothes

stopped dangerously close to Tess and Junior. A heavy-set, pasty-faced man leaped out.

"Move that crate!" he commanded. "And move it fast!"

The moonlight shone on the gun in his hand.

"But—we can't—" Junior started to protest, when Jim Trailer, Pat Patton and the three officers sprang out.

"Drop that gun, Chalk!" Jim commanded. "I've got you covered! Quitting—just as Tracy said you would! Things getting too hot for you on the deserted Maloney farm, eh?"

Chalk's face was a study in surprise and horror. It was true he and his companion in the sedan, the Eck, were quitting Ma Moline's gang. But how had Tracy known this? When the two had been handcuffed, Jim and Pat examined the sedan.

"Look, Jim!" Pat cried suddenly. "See—that little red tam? That's Toby's! I'd know it anywhere!"

"They've got her, all right," Jim agreed.

Tess had come up in time to see and hear it all. Instantly her mind was made up.

"Jim—let me go with you to the Maloney farm! I know every inch of the way. There's a hull behind the house—"



"This Is My Chance!"



The Truck Shot Down the Hill

The G-Man readily agreed. Pat Patton took charge of the prisoners and returned with them and Junior to town, while Tess and Jim sped on toward the deserted Maloney farm.

Dick Tracy had received a tip from a storekeeper in Milleville. A man and woman answering to the description of Jitters and Ma Moline had been in the store. They had bought bandages and iodine—and had forgotten to pay for their purchases. Their trail ended near Milleville and Tracy thought at once of the deserted farm. Like Tess, he knew this country, too, having visited often at the Drea farm during Tess's and Junior's stay there.

Thus it was that the ace detective was stationed on a height of ground overlooking the forsaken farm at the moment when the two quitters had made their hasty departure. According to her habit Ma Moline had sent a volley of shot after them from her hide-out in an upstairs room in the farmhouse.

"Save your ammunition, Ma," Jitters had pleaded. "We're all alone, now."

"You're forgetting that girl in the barn!" Ma snapped. "We got her—haven't we? Got the goods on that flat-foot this time, I'd say!"

Then it was she spotted the detective. The moon, coming from behind a bank of clouds, showed him slipping around the corner of the barn. It was built upon a rise of ground, standing a good twenty feet above the farmhouse.

"It's him!" screeched the lawless old woman. "This is my chance! I've always hated cops and I hate this cop worse than all the rest! He got Snipe! Now I'll—"

Her Tommy gun spat a vicious volley.

But Tracy had been attracted to a place of safety a moment before. The truck bearing Tess and Jim Trailer came down the hill path from the heavy woods.

"Oh, Dick!" Tess called out to him. "Dick—are you hurt?"

"Tess!" Tracy barked. "What are you doing here?"

"I came to help—to find Toby—oh—here!"

From the farmhouse window another rat-tat-tat spat its deadly flame. Tracy saw that it was useless to bring down his quarry at this distance. He glanced toward the truck.

"It might work!" he cried. "But Toby—"

Then, from the barn, there came a muffled cry.

"She's in there!" Tracy called to Tess.



They Searched the Debris



Jim and Tracy Were Pleased

"Hurry on in, Jim, you stick with me!"

He raced to where the truck was parked on the high ground.

"Down the hill!" he cried. "In second gear with the throttle wide open—go to it, truck!"

The truck shot forward and directly toward the farmhouse. It struck with a crash, the rotting boards and plaster flying in all directions.

"Come on, Jim!" Tracy raced down the hill toward the heap. "We're going in after 'em!"

Ma Moline had seen the truck as it started on down the hill.

"He's in there!" she called to Jitters.

She had torn the framework over the driver's seat with a slashing volley. Too late the villainous old woman realized the driver's seat was empty. Frantically she called out to her son who stood beside her, quivering with fear.

"We've got to get out—jump for it! The snow will break our fall—come on!"

Then had come the crash. Ma Moline and Jitters fell with the ruins of the old farmhouse, and lay helpless.

Both were dead when Tracy and Jim found them.

"It's better so," Tracy said under his breath. "What a horrible thing—a crim-

inal woman—eh, Jim?"

"And an old one, too," Jim added. "Fooling around with Tommy guns when she might have been dandling her grandchildren on her knee!"

Meanwhile, in the barn, Tess had found Toby. The girl was unconscious, bound hand and foot and gagged cruelly. Tess hastened to free her and had succeeded in doing so when Tracy and Jim came hurrying to the barn. At that moment a car drove up and Pat leaped out.

"Pat!" Tracy cried. "I was never so glad to see you in all my life! We've got to rush Toby to the Millerville hospital."

"Yeah," Pat grunted. "I figured you might be wanting a lift. Guess it's a good thing, too—the wreck you made out of that truck, Tracy!"

Toby was rushed to the hospital where it was found her condition was not serious. She had suffered from shock and exposure, but would be able to return home in a few days.

"Nice work, Tess," Tracy told his sweetheart as they left her off at her home. "Now hop out and put on that blue thing-a-ma-jig. It looks better on you than the truck driver's outfit."

The return ride to headquarters was a pleasant one.



Pat and Tracy Walked Home

"Well," Jim grinned, "I guess that winds up the Moline gang, Tracy."

"Yes," said Tracy. "Thank heavens!"

"By the way," Jim said after a little moment of silence, "does anyone know you were drafted into government service and made a G-Man, Tracy?"

"No," Tracy shook his head. "Not even Pat."

Several days later when Toby was dismissed from the hospital, Tracy commissioned Pat and Junior to fetch her. She was taken at once to Tess's home where a dinner of celebration had been arranged. The meeting of the two girls was good to see.

"I'm so happy!" Tess said, while the tears ran down her cheeks. "So happy, Toby!"

"Oh, Tess! So am I!" Toby answered and reached for her handkerchief.

"Seems to me," Junior grinned, "you're doing a lot of crying on this happy occasion!"

It was a happy occasion. Tracy was able to attend the dinner. Luckily the telephone was silent and he remained for the evening. Walking home with Pat when it was all over, Tracy said suddenly, "I'm a lucky guy, Pat."

"Yes," Pat instantly agreed. "You are."



"I'm so Happy!"

TERRY AND THE PIRATES . . .

and the Chinese Bells

By MILTON CANIFF

HAVING struggled through the narrow, winding streets of the busy Chinese city, Terry and his tall friend Pat strode side by side to the water's edge. Here, where their boat, *Peach Blossom*, was moored, they were to meet Connie, their China boy, cook, interpreter, guide and man of all work.

Connie was nowhere to be seen.

"Well—let's hope—" Pat stepped down into the boat and Terry followed closely.

Connie was not on board.

"Gosh, Pat!" Terry eyed his friend worriedly. "Where can he be? Lost, y'think?"

"Lost!" Pat threw his pack to the deck.

"Not Connie. Probably arguing with some Chink to split a penny in his favor." He consulted his watch. "Well—if he doesn't come pretty soon—we'll take our sturdy craft and go without him!"

"We can't do that, Pat," Terry told him earnestly. "Golly! We need Connie!"

"Serve him right if he left behind," Pat snapped.

But Terry noticed that Pat kept eyeing the shore.



Pat Opened the Package

At last someone came running toward the boat, but it was not Connie. It was an American girl and she headed straight for the *Peach Blossom*.

"What th'—!" Terry exclaimed and with Pat he stepped ashore to find out what caused her evident excitement.

The girl came at once to the point.

"You're going up the *Lan Chow Creek*," she said breathlessly. "Take me along—please! I—I'm Mona Lane. My uncle's Martin Lane. You've heard of him. His collection of bells is famous. He's up there—lost somewhere! Please take me with you!"

Terry and Pat exchanged a quick look.

"Whew!" said Terry, but Pat came out point-blank as usual.

"What I'm wondering—how do you know so much about our plans, Miss Mona Lane?"

The girl pointed backward.

"I met your China boy—Connie is his name. He was blowing a bean shooter, that's why I noticed him. We got to talking."

"Bean shooter!" Terry snapped. "Why



She Tugged at Pat's Lapels

did I ever give Connie that thing anyway!"

The girl was tugging at Pat's lapels.

"Oh, he didn't mean any harm!" she cried. "Won't you take me? I'm so worried about my uncle! He should have returned long ago. I—I know the dangers." She tapped the gun at her waist. "And I can finance the trip. There's—there's nobody I can trust. When I learned that you—Americans—"

This decided Pat.

"Okay," he said. "Come aboard."

Not long after Connie, grinning from ear to ear, made his tardy appearance. He carried a large paper sack.

"Bleasn!" he explained. "Connie amazed at Connie's sharp wits get so cheap." Then, seeing the stony look on Pat's face, he added, "Velly solly late. Had to take singing lesson. Come cloppity-clop sloop as possible."

When the three were below and Mona had gone for her things, Pat opened a package.

"An automatic apiece," he explained. "I anticipated trouble on our own expedition, and now—with the hunt on for Mona's uncle—well, we can expect the worst."

"Oh, woe is Connie!" mourned the



They Started Inland

China boy, dropping a stack of dishes. "And me not mad at one person in world."

"You want to quit?" Pat snapped.

Connie bent down to pick up the remains of the chinaware.

"Connie velly unhappy," he apologized. "Too had show like coward. Really velly hlave fellah. So solly!"

Mona Lane wasted no time in coming aboard, and her equipment, Pat and Terry saw with appreciation, was all packed in one knapsack. From this she drew out a folded paper and handed it over for their inspection.

"It's a rough map," she said. "I made it myself, to tell you the truth. Uncle has his. But I've studied it so often with him, I feel I know it by heart. Now there—" she pointed, "the West River runs into Lun Chow Creek. It is navigable to the great oak. From there a trail is blazed by cuts on the trees to the pagoda. It was there my Uncle hoped to find the Sweet-Singing Bell. Now—" she paused a moment, "—now—I want to find my uncle! He's more important than all the bells in China!"

Pat folded the map, placed it in an inner pocket.

"We'll find him for you," he promised,



They Examined the Map

"if we have to wring the necks of the pirates which infest this country."

Connie caught the play on words and broke into an amused chuckle.

"Pretty good joke! Bells for bad Chinese criminals' tootic sweetie peal out!"

Terry looked over at the girl.

"Say, how long's it since you saw your uncle last?" he questioned.

"It's three weeks," Mona answered.

Both Pat and Terry avoided her eyes.

"Oh, I know what you're both thinking!" she cried. "That this is useless! That my uncle is—is dead! But I'm sure he isn't! He didn't go there to plunder. He went to buy this bell and that's entirely different!"

It was on the tip of Terry's tongue to say, "Then, if it was as easy as that, why didn't he take you with him?"

But Pat again offered a word of cheer.

"We'll get him, hell and all," he said.

"Now, for full steam ahead. We can't afford to lose a minute."

Up the West River chugged the Peach Blossom, on into Lun Chew Creek. There was no difficulty finding the great oak. It jutted up like a lone sentinel where the creek narrowed.

"Here's where we start inland," Pat announced, buckling on his automatic.



They Found the Pagoda

As they lined up on the ground there came, through the trees, a strange cry.

"Did you hear that?" Mona asked of them all.

They had, but it was Connie who answered her.

"Most likely Chinese bandit getting head chopped off," he explained. "Not much serious!"

He grinned cheerfully at Mona, and then looked about among the lower branches of a nearby tree. What he wanted was a proper walking stick. He found it, and announced, "Evlything hotsy dandy. Comes Connie lescue bell collector."

Pat led the way, then came Terry, Mona and at last, Connie. The cuts on the trees were plainly visible, but led them over a rough houlder-strewn trail.

"Your map was off on one point, Mona," Pat said at length. "It's getting dark and that pagoda's nowhere in sight. We'll have to camp here."

Next morning, thinking to surprise the rest of the party, Connie rose with the dawn and walked to a nearby stream for water with which to prepare breakfast. Somehow he missed his way, though he had not gone far. But the China boy had a curious feeling of being watched. Holding his gun in one hand, he called to his



Connie Called

friends. Only once, he called, and then was silent. An opening appeared in the boulder near which he was standing and Connie felt himself being hauled down, down into a dark, damp place.

Terry and Pat had both heard his cry and came on the run. But no sign of Connie could they see.

"Perhaps he went on ahead," Terry decided at last. "Let's push on. Maybe the pagoda is nearer than we think."

It was, perhaps, only a half-mile further. Coming to the top of a hill they saw it, rising tall among a cluster of trees.

"Guess you were right, Terry," Pat said, moving on. "Connie must have gone on ahead. Maybe inside the door waiting."

But Terry detected a note of insecurity in Pat's voice. Was he worried about Connie?

"It looks so—empty!" Mona murmured as they advanced. "I wonder if we'll find my uncle here! Or if—"

They went up to the door. Pat pushed and it gave way easily.

"Hm," he muttered, "somebody must be around here. This place has a lived-in look."

"Listen!" Terry whispered suddenly. The three stood like statues.

"You hear it?" Terry whispered to Pat.



Terry Held the Torch

"Yeah. And it sounds like a—snore!"

"It—it is a snore!" Mona said softly, almost unbelievably.

"Guess it isn't visitors' day," Terry observed. "Anyhow, they can't be expecting us—"

Pat was moving toward a low door at one end of the room. He pushed it open and there, on a bench before a heavy iron door sat the snorer. In his hand was a vicious-looking sword.

"Hey, you!" Pat seized him by the throat. "Wake up! We're looking for a man named Lane and our China boy. Seen 'em?"

The fellow bobbed his head and motioned toward the heavy door, while from behind him he drew out a torch. This he handed to Pat.

Terry had watched the whole proceeding and he could tell that Pat held his thought. This was too easy. The guard to what seemed the entrance to an underground passageway was too eager to have them go on in.

But he took the torch from Pat without a word. As he lighted it, he saw that Pat slipped his hand down to his holster.

Thus, with Pat on one side holding his gun and Terry holding the brightly burning torch on the other, Mona Lane moved



Pat Seized the Man by the Throat

like a person in a trance through the heavy double doors.

But, once inside, the girl found her speech in a cry of horror.

"Uncle! It is! Oh, it is my uncle!"

Terry and Pat were gazing straight ahead at the same gruesome sight. Indeed, it was all their eyes could make out in the light of the torch. Against the wall ahead was the figure of a man. From a jutting rock overhead dangled a rope which was drawn around the shoulders, holding him in place. The rope was needed, it was evident, for the head hung down upon the chest.

As they stood so, the girl began to weep heartrendingly. Before Pat or Terry could offer a word of comfort, a purring voice spoke in the darkness.

"Death follows the luckless one who presumes to barter for the Sweet-Singing Bell!"

"Come out and fight!" Pat suggested, firing a shot in the direction of the speaker.

The guard, now wide awake, came from behind and snatched Pat's gun. From ahead another evil face emerged. Pat jabbed in his face, while Terry grabbed the legs of the guard. The fight was over almost before it started, with Pat and Terry pounding their assailants.



Pat Jabbed in His Face



"Saved! By a Bean Shooter!"

Mona had taken the torch and now its rays outlined the muzzle of a gun around a bend in the rock.

Only a moment the gun showed. The holder cried out in sudden pain and the gun rattled to the floor.

"Connie shoots in hand!" Connie's voice rang out. "Come an' ketchum!"

"Connie!" cried his three friends, and with new vigor Pat and Terry leaped upon their would-be assassin.

"He's boss," Connie explained, emerging from the shadows. "No more, except pretty girl's uncle back there." He grinned widely. "Connie velly blave fellah!"

When questioned, Connie revealed his bean shooter. His gun had been taken. It was this which saved their lives. Mona's uncle was unhurt. It was an effigy which hung before them. The pirates were holding the collector for ransom, and only wished to throw a scare into his niece. After being brought in through the secret underground passage, Connie had pretended to fall in with the pirate's plans and so had been allowed his freedom.

Terry and Pat were still chuckling over the bean shooter as they stood on the deck of the homeward-bound ship.

"Saved!" Terry laughed. "By a bean shooter!"

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE . . .

and Her Apple Business

By HAROLD GRAY

ANNIE sang as she worked, pausing now and then to have a chat with Sandy, the big, rough dog who followed her from kitchen to living room and back again.

"We're lucky, Sandy," Annie said wholeheartedly. "I could hardly b'lieve my ears when Miss Falorne said we could stay here with her—just like it was our own home. Aren't many kids 'bout a father or mother find a swell home like this ever'day! Now—we got to work hard and deserve this home!"

"Arf!" Sandy agreed readily, and moved toward the ice-box.

Annie put away the broom and dust mop, and then discovered him sitting there so hopefully.

"Sorry, Sandy," Annie shook her head. "There's just 'nuff for supper and breakfast. You'll just have t' wait, that's all. B'sides, we're not really hungry — we've been a lot hungrier than this. Tomorrow's Monday and Miss Falorne'll give me th' money to go marketing. We'll have to buy things a lot closer, Sandy, to make th' food stretch out."



"We're Lucky, Sandy!"



Miss Falorne Just Watched

Sandy stretched himself on the floor, his nose between his paws, and dozed. But Annie could not relax so easily. She was worried about Miss Falorne. The little old lady kept to her room almost all the time.

Annie paced the floor as she thought about Miss Falorne.

"She doesn't want us to go. She said so. She said she could not get along without us. But we do eat more than she would alone. Nope! It won't do. I got to think up somethin' and think it up mighty fast."

"I know!" Annie cried so loudly that Sandy leaped up from the floor and looked about, growling. "I know! It's just the thing!"

Sandy walked to the window where Annie was standing and looking out.

"Arf?" Sandy questioned.

"Listen, Sandy," Annie drew him close to her, "I've got a swell idea! It's too long to 'plain to you now, so I'll just give you a clue—apples! Apples! Miss Falorne has a big apple orchard, hasn't she? And we're out on th' edge o' town, aren't we? We could do pretty much as we pleased and

• 14 • LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE
not have people nosin' around, couldn't
we?"

"Arf! Arf! Arf!" Sandy agreed.

Annie rubbed her hands together thoughtfully and walked without knowing it to the kitchen cupboard. There, on the top shelf, stood the Blue Rose Jar. Annie had looked at it often, wondering at the story it could tell if it could only talk.

There were roses in that jar, Miss Falorne had told her, which had been saved for years and years. Roses from weddings, from christenings, from festive occasions, yes, and roses from hospital rooms. Annie always was very careful when she dusted the Blue Rose Jar.

"So that I won't disturb a single petal," she would whisper.

Miss Falorne loved the Rose Jar. Whenever she came into the kitchen she would lift it in her hands, caress it lovingly a moment, and then put it back.

But now Miss Falorne hardly ever came to the kitchen. She would stay for hours in her room. Time and again Annie had found her there, seated at a little table and looking out the window.

"As though she's waitin' for somethin' or someone," Annie decided. "What could Miss Falorne be waitin' for?"



Miss Falorne Listened

This was a question which only time could answer, if it were ever answered. But the question right now was the apples.

"C'mon, Sandy," Annie slipped into her coat, "let's take a walk into th' orchard. I can think this all out better if I'm walkin' along out there."

Side by side they walked along. Sandy knew that Annie was figuring out something special and kept very still.

Annie was thinking, too. Now and then she would say something which sounded like "Pie" and "Butter" and "Jelly," but Sandy did not so much as sneeze.

"C'mon, Sandy," Annie turned back and beaded for the house. "I got it all straight now. I'm goin' up and have a little business talk with Miss Falorne. All she can say is no—and I have a hunch she won't say it!"

Eagerly Annie tore off her coat and raced up to Miss Falorne's room. She found the little old lady as usual, seated at her table. She must have been figuring something out herself, for she suddenly closed a drawer in the table as though putting something out of sight.

"Miss Falorne," Annie burst in eagerly, "I got an idea! A swell idea! You've got somethin' right here on your own property



They Went to the Orchard

that can make you a lot o' money."

"Wh-what?" gasped the old lady.

"We-ll," Annie retracted a little, "maybe not at th' start—but it can grow into somethin' big. I just know it. Look out that window. See? See all those apples? They're swell apples. They'd make swell apple butter and pies and apple jelly. And who doesn't like a good apple pie?"

Miss Falorne put a hand to her head.

"But—my dear—who's to make the pies and—"

"I am!" Annie said promptly. "You know I can make good apple pie. I can make ten just as well as I can one, I guess! And apple jelly and apple butter, too. There's plenty of jars in the basement. I can get busy tomorrow!"

Miss Falorne shook her head dazedly.

"But pies take sugar and flour and shortening, Annie," she reminded the little girl. "You know what we have to spend—"

"Sure I know!" Annie nodded eagerly. "I know ev'ry penny by heart. But we'll just have to go easier this week, 'cause I'll have to stock up for the first hatch. It's not real cold yet—I can make a stand on th' porch. A lot of cars go by now—people comin' home and people goin'—I tell you, Miss Falorne, it's just bound to work out!"



Annie Set to Work



He Walked Right In

From her pocket Miss Falorne drew out a handkerchief and placed it to her eyes.

"Bless you, child," she said. "I hope it does! Oh, I hope it does! Listen, Annie—I'm going to tell you something. I'm not Miss Falorne—I'm MRS. Falorne!"

"Mrs.—Falorne!" Annie stammered. "Then where's—?"

"My husband is dead. He died nine years ago. A year before he died my Dicky ran away from home. He and his father—never agreed. Dicky was eighteen when he left, tall and dark, and so strong! He could have done anything—anything! But—they had another argument and Dicky left. His father loved him, really. I think it was Dicky's running away that broke his heart and brought on his death. And—all these years I've waited."

The old lady seemed to have forgotten Annie, till she spoke.

"Oh, I know now! I know now, Miss—I mean Mrs. Falorne—you sit by th' window here—waitin' for Dicky to come home!"

Mrs. Falorne nodded.

"That's right, Annie. And you've noticed I keep pretty much to myself. People forget quickly. There are not many who ask any longer if I've heard from my boy. But I don't want to be questioned. I only

want to stay here—and wait. Now, you see, Annie, why I'm hoping your plan may work. With money I can have something to offer Dicky when he does return. For I feel certain that he will. I know he will come home!"

Annie choked.

"Gee, Mrs. Falorne—I know he will, too—I just know he will!"

The next day Annie spent the greater part of the weekly marketing money for sugar, shortening, cinnamon, and flour.

At once she set to work.

"It's not just for Miss—I mean Mrs. Falorne now, Sandy," she explained to the big dog. "It's for her boy, Dicky. He's comin' home, y' see—any day now, I 'spect. And we got to be ready for him."

Out on the porch went the pies. There were nine that first day. Annie arranged them on a snowy white cloth and painted a big sign. But, to be sure the passers-by would see her wares, she and Sandy stood close to the edge of the road.

"Pies! Apple pies!" Annie called out to car after car. "Just like mother used to make—ever' bit as good! Try one and see!"

She sold the whole nine that day. With the proceeds she bought more supplies. This went on until the cold weather set



Rover Talked With Scapin

in. Then Annie took her pies to town and Mr. Foodster, the grocer, gave her a space in his window.

When Annie had not been baking the pies she was putting up jars of jelly and apple butter. These, too, went in Mr. Foodster's window, and everything sold like hotcakes.

"Annie's Apple Tastics," as they were called, attracted the attention of neighboring towns, and their fame spread at last to the nearby big city. Scapin, the gang leader, became interested. Accordingly he sent the Rover to the little town to investigate this successful apple business.

"A kid!" Scapin laughed. "That should be easy for you, Rover. Muscle in on her—and then, well, you know."

The Rover knew, but he went unwillingly.

It was night when he arrived at the home of Mrs. Falorne. The back door was open and he walked right in. The smell of apple butter sizzling met his nostrils, and at the stove stood a tow-haired little girl.

"Hello—" the Rover greeted her, and smiled.

"Oh, hello," said Annie, smiling over her first surprise. "I 'spect you're the man Mrs. Tonley was sendin' for the jelly. I'll



They Followed Him into Town

get it for you right away. Just sit down a minute."

"No," the Rover almost barked. "I didn't come for jelly." His mouth twisted bitterly. "I came—to rob the little girl who has made my mother's life happy at last!"

Annie did not hear the "robbed." All she caught was "my mother."

"Then—you're Dicky!" she cried. "Oh—I'll call Mrs. Falorne! She's sleepin'—but she'll want to know at once! Oh, I knew you'd come back, Dicky! I told her an' told her! And—here you are!"

But the Rover held her back.

"I have something to do first, Annie. Don't mention this—" His eyes moved to the Blue Rose Jar in the cupboard. "She still has that," he murmured. "The only present I ever gave her! Maybe she still wants me back—"

"Maybe!" Annie cried. "You're all she wants! Won't you stay now? Please, won't you?"

The Rover shook his head. Annie and Sandy followed him into town, and the little girl pleaded all the way. But the man held firm.

"I'll come back!" he promised. "Wait—and keep still!"

So saying he strode away and was lost in the shadows.



Annie Ran to Mrs. Falorne

In the city, that evening, the Rover had a talk with Scapin.

"It's no go, Scapin," he growled. "That's one business we can't touch."

"That's a laugh, pal," Scapin shifted the limp cigarette between his lips, but he was far from laughing. "Why can't we touch that business?"

Suddenly the Rover saw a picture of the kitchen where so many times he had watched his mother busy at her tasks. But it was a little girl he saw in it now, a little girl who pleaded with him to come home again.

He straightened his shoulders. He was no longer the Rover; he was Richard Falorne, and he spoke with a tone Scapin had never heard before.

"Listen, Scapin, you have nothing on me, see? Nothing at all and I'm not afraid of you. And I'll tell you why you can't touch that business—it was built up in my home. So long!"

Thus the Rover broke his ties with the past. Still he was not ready to return home. He wanted first of all to do some honest work, to have his pockets full of well-earned dollars.

"I'll meet that kid on her own ground," he told himself. "And I can do it. I feel like I can do anything now! Like she's



Even Sandy Watched

given me a new lease on life!"

So it was the months went by and there was no word from Dicky. Annie's business was booming. Mrs. Falorne was an active worker now, keeping the books. There were other helpers, too, for Annie could never hope to fill the orders alone.

But the old lady continued to watch out her window. Annie often found her there, but every time she told the old lady the same thing:

"Be patient! Just a little longer! Dicky will come home—you just wait and see!"

Even Sandy appeared to be waiting for someone. Annie mentioned this to him as, one spring morning, they were out tidying up the orchard.

"A person'd think you had some inside dope on this, Sandy! You sit there, watchin' th' road as if you knew somethin' was goin' to happen and happen soon! Gee! I hope it does! I can't for th' life o' me figger out what's keepin' him! He's just got to come home, Sandy. What's th' good o' this apple business if Mrs. Falorne stays so sadlike?"

Sandy remained seated with his eyes on the mailman.

"You know it's a letter, don't you, Sandy?" Annie came over to him and patted his shaggy fur. "Gee, I hope it



Annie Was Content

comes soon! Mrs. Falorne has been waiting so long."

It was a month later that the letter finally came. Annie read it at the mailbox, and then rushed toward the house.

"He's comin' home, Mrs. Falorne!" Annie cried as he flew into the house. "Dicky's comin' home—Saturday!"

Now, of course, Annie told Mrs. Falorne of Dicky's first visit.

"But he musta had somethin' to take care of first," she explained. "'Cause he made me promise not to tell and to wait till he came again!"

Wednesday — Thursday — Friday. On Saturday Annie said she had to go to town. It was her hope that Dicky should see his mother alone first.

Sure enough, when Annie returned, his wraps were on the kitchen chair.

"But where is he?" Annie rubbed her curls.

Then she heard the happy laughter from upstairs.

"C'mon, Sandy, it's out under th' apple trees for us!"

In great content Annie leaned back against a tree trunk. "What I can't understand, Sandy," she said, "is why he ever left home. Imagine—havin' a mother like that!"



Annie Saw His Wraps

DON WINSLOW of the NAVY . . .

and the "Invincible" Disaster

By LT-CMDR FRANK V. MARTINEK, USNR

"WHAT's that, Red?" Lieutenant Don Winslow walked over to the window of the hotel room where his friend, Lieutenant Red Pennington sat with his nose in a book. "What's that?" Don repeated again, this time looking out the window and straining his ears to catch the cry of a newsboy.

It was an extra and the two men caught the words "Disaster" and "Naval."

"Holy mackerel!" exclaimed Don and reached for his coat. "Now what?"

He raced down and to the curb.

"Here y'are, mister," the newsboy handed over the paper. "Big naval disaster. Th' Invincible—"

"The Invincible!" Don barked unbelievably as he drew out a coin and took the paper in return. "It can't be!"

But it was. Upon reaching the room, Don and Red scanned the headlines, read the tragic story.

"It exploded!" Red's tone was explosive. "Exploded, Don—get that?"

"With Admiral Christenson, Commander James and crew—"

Don was interrupted in his reading



Then Came the Explosion

when the telephone sounded sharply.

"I'll get it, Red," he said and lifted the receiver.

The conversation was not lengthy.

"The Captain wants to see us," he told Red shortly. "We'll read the details on the way. Hop along, Red."

As they taxied to the naval office, they poured over the frightful story.

Naval officials were unable to offer any explanation for the disaster, other than that it had been caused by the unknown device with which Admiral Christenson was experimenting.

"That's rot!" Don snapped and crumpled the paper in disgust. "What's more—I have a hunch this call has something to do with the disaster."

Don's surmise was correct.

"You have been selected," the Captain told him, "to undertake a perilous mission. We have reason—good reason to believe that the device with which the Admiral was experimenting did not cause the explosion. In fact, we had word from him that the device had proved a success beyond his dreams. He was elated, confident



They Read the News

over and above any of his previous experiments. Then—there came the explosion."

Don stood statue stiff, waiting for what was to follow.

"You have worked in Mexico," the Captain said abruptly. "That is now your destination." He placed a map on his desk and pointed. "There, we have cause to believe, is a hidden nest of that international criminal—the Cobra. This is his work! Pennington is assigned as your aide. You leave at once!"

Red was called in and detailed instructions were given the two. Then they returned to their hotel to pack.

Orders were to go by plane and in less than an hour, Don and Red were zooming above the clouds.

It was that evening when they arrived at the Mexican town. Here, at the appointed place, they were supplied with garments of bumble fishermen, and their faces were stained.

Their fishing boat was ready and Juan, and his poor deaf-mute brother, waited for the man who was to conduct them to the town several miles down the coast.

"Remember, amigo," Don told Red in their last conference, "you hear nothing, and you can say nothing!" he grinned suddenly. "When we get back to the



They Were Ordered to Mexico

States you can tell me all you've stored up!"

"Ugh!" said Red.

Not long after that their man came.

"All is ready, señores," he announced. "I will take you in my fishing boat. You are my cousins come to visit me. There will be no suspicion."

"Yes, yes—" Don was impatient. "But this man you rescued from the sea. Where is he now?"

"At my home. So still he lies in his bed—never moving so much as the eye. But come—I will show you."

The Mexican wrapped his striped robe about him closely and led the way to the shore. Here a number of boats lay in readiness for the dawn when their owners would set out to visit their nets.

"That is my boat," their guide pointed. "Come."

Shortly after the three were sailing over the waters.

"Yes," the Mexican said suddenly, "it was a strange fish that was brought from that morning sail strapped by his belt to the log. In the dress of a pilot, he was. No mark, no name on his clothing—only that strange picture on his arm. An ugly picture to carry always—a cobra, coiled and spitting."



"You Leave at Once!"

Don and Red exchanged a quick look. "A cobra, you say," Don repeated thoughtfully. "And exactly what day did you find him?"

The man named the day and the hour. "But he had drifted for several days," he added. "He was almost dead with exposure and thirst."

Don figured rapidly in his mind. Several days—say three days the flier had drifted, that would make it tally with the explosion of the Invincible.

"I am eager," said Don, "very eager to see this fish of yours, my friend."

Red, who was preparing for his role of deaf mute, said nothing. Except for the look he had given Don at the mention of the cobra tattooed on the flier's arm, his face had been absolutely without expression.

Looking ahead at the town, nestling at the foot of the high mountains, Don felt a glow of satisfaction that his friend was in on this with him.

Upon landing they went to the home of the Mexican, and directly to the bedroom which had been given the rescued man. That he had suffered greatly showed on the drawn face.

"So he lies," said the Mexican, "never opening his eyes."



The Three Set Sail

Don was grateful that this was so. It was his hope that the man would remain in his half-unconscious state until a matter of extreme importance might be cared for. This was to copy the tattoo on his own and Red's right arm.

"You go with the Mexican," he told Red. "Get the needle and stain. I'll make a drawing of the thing and be ready when you get back. Hurry!"

Red went with all possible speed, returning within four hours. The flier had not stirred, so, after the cobra design had been marked indelibly on their upper arms, they had the opportunity to compare the results with that of the flier. They were identical.

"But I hate to carry this thing around with me all the rest of my life," Don grumbled.

Red shot him a quizzical look, forgetting for the moment that he was deaf as well as dumb.

The look said plainly: "How long will the rest of your life be, old pal?"

Both knew well the perils that awaited them. Now they must enter the Cobra's lair.

There was one consolation however, well founded. The Cobra's activities did not center themselves in one spot. They



The Boats Lay in Readiness

embraced the four corners of the globe. Planes had been seen in this vicinity, and Don felt reasonably certain that this was only one of the Cobra's many hide-outs. If this was the case, the men in charge might not recognize him and Red. They might well believe the tale he was prepared to tell.

Don called the Mexican to an inner room for a final conference.

"Above all," he said earnestly, "do not let this man out of your hands. A doctor will come and attend him. When he is well, he will be taken away. Keep in communication with this man." Don handed him a paper on which was written a name. "Now," he said, "we will get into our duds. They certainly are exact duplicates of this fellow's outfit. Come on, Red."

Hastily they dressed.

"When it is dark we sail," Don told the Mexican. "You will take us as we planned in the general direction of the spot where the planes have been seen. Then—we'll have to swim for it to look like the real thing."

Accordingly, as the darkness settled, the three set out. Several miles from shore Don and Red dived in and swam toward the land.



The Rattler Was Not Sure

"We're on the right track," Don called out softly. "I hear planes."

When, at dawn, they reached the far shore, Don and Red had the look of two fliers who had narrowly escaped with their lives. They crawled to the sand and sprawled there, exhausted.

On a rise of the rocky ground they were sighted by two men in fliers' uniforms.

"What is this?" said the Adder, a dark man who wore a mustache. "Can it be—?"

"We shall soon see," the Rattler answered, and they walked down to where Don and Red were rising to a sitting position.

There Don told his story.

"We bombed the Invincible, but we got ours in turn. You've heard of us—this is Silent," he pointed to Red. "I'm the Shark. I suppose the Cobra is, shall I say—angry?"

The Adder was taken in completely. He had heard of no man in the Cobra's ranks who was called "Silent," but when Don said "Shark" he believed the story. The Cobra invented fantastic names for his underlings.

The Rattler was not so sure. Both he and the Adder assisted Don and Red to the log-house high up on the mountain side, but, at his first opportunity, the



They Reached the Far Shore

Rattler spoke his mind to the Adder.

"Listen, Adder," he growled, "this looks strange to me. Somehow, well—I don't like it!"

The Rattler poured another glass of whiskey.

"Quit worrying," he advised easily. "They both have the mark of the Cobra, haven't they? We know the bomber plane was lost. Who else could they be?"

So saying he called out to the Chinese servant to bring another bottle.

The Rattler said little in the presence of Don, but he was less careful before Red who played his part of "Silent" to perfection. Thus it was that Red heard the message from the Cobra that evening.

"Have you not searched for your missing comrades?" came a hissing voice from the loudspeaker. "I am certain they live. Their work is not done. Assist them to the nearest port—at once!"

Red could scarcely believe his ears. Nevertheless he allowed the Cobra's men to enlighten Don.

They were conducted with all courtesy to the city, where Don communicated at once with the Captain. The answer was totally unexpected.

"Return at once."

"What does it mean anyhow?" Don



"Our Turn Will Come!"

growled to Red. "I thought—"

But upon their return Don and Red found out what it meant. The Captain showed them a letter.

"Fools!" It opened in a scrawling hand. "Dolls! As though I did not know my man lay almost lifeless. He has been returned to my ranks again—where he belongs. But you—I do not want you. I war upon your Yankee nation. I take your ships, your inventions. You, I toss aside. I show you my absolute indifference, by sending you home empty handed to face the laughter of your leaders. The stronghold in the mountains is no more. And me—you will never find. The Cobra."

It was when they were back again in the hotel room and putting on their uniforms that Don paused to look out the window, and growl his sentiments.

"You I toss aside!" he snarled. "I send you home empty handed! You will never find me!" He smashed his fists together. "Oh—won't I!" he roared.

"Quiet," Red suggested. "They could have cut us to ribbons—and then I'd never have a chance to talk again. We heard the Cobra's voice anyway—and met a few of his little pals. Our turn will come, Don."

"You bet it will!" Don said firmly. "Our turn will come!"



"Return at Once!"

DAN DUNN, SECRET OPERATIVE 48, . . .

and the Hotel Washington Murder

By NORMAN MARSH

DAN DUNN, Secret Operative 48, stepped into the Chief's office.

"Well, Chief," smiled Dan.

"Remember the counterfeiting case that developed when you were after the Crime Master?"

Dan nodded.

"Well," explained the Chief, "I put Operative 56 on it. Two days ago he wired that he had registered at the Hotel Washington. Since then I haven't heard a word."

"That may be nothing to worry about," remarked Dan.

"I have a hunch," said the Chief gloomily, "that our operative's in trouble. What's more, this flow of phoney money has to be stopped."

Dan whistled.

"Dan," the Chief went on, "maybe Operative 56 has been snatched or taken for a ride. If he's alive I want him—and I want the makers of those counterfeiters put behind the bars."

Secret Operative 48 smiled grimly and put on his hat.

"All right, Chief. I'll go up to the Hotel Washington and have a look around."



"Leave it to Me."

Have you any clues except those phoney bills and the telegram?"

"No," growled the Chief. "You now know as much about the case as I do."

"Okay," said Dan. "Leave it to me."

"Good luck, Dan," said the Chief earnestly, "and take care of yourself."

Four hours later Dan had completed his journey and was talking with the manager of the Hotel Washington.

"No trouble for the hotel, I hope!" muttered the manager.

"No," said Dan, "if you'll talk."

"Go ahead," said the manager.

"Remember a man named George Potter who came here two days ago?"

The manager smiled ruefully.

"I was afraid you would ask about him."

"Afraid?" exclaimed Dan. "Quick! What do you know?"

"Well," said the hotel man, "he took Room 604. A clerk at the desk saw him come in last night, but we haven't seen him since. Funny part of it is, his light was on all night, and this morning the chambermaid couldn't get into his room."



"I Haven't Heard From Him."

A key was in the lock on the inside."

"Oh," said Dan thoughtfully. "That IS funny."

"I hope, sir," stammered the worried manager, "that this won't mean any bad publicity for the hotel."

Dan followed the manager out of the office and into an elevator. A few minutes later they were standing before the door of Room 604. It was late afternoon, and the lights were on in the hall.

Dan knocked sharply on the door several times, but there was no answer. He looked at the manager significantly.

"Sorry, but I've got to break down that door."

Dan took a step backward. Then his powerful shoulder struck the door. As it tore from its hinges and fell, Dan and the manager stepped over it into the room.

"Look!" cried the horrified manager.

Near a window in the corner a bridge lamp shed its light over the floor. Behind a chair under the lamp Dan saw the motionless legs of a man.

Dan wasted no words. In a moment he was bending over the body.

"Operative 561!" he whispered. "Shot through the back of the head!"

"In my hotel!" groaned the manager, wringing his hands.



Dan's Shoulder Struck the Door

"He was shot last night," said Dan, rising. "Did you hear a shot in the hotel?"

The manager shook his head.

"Probably a silencer was used," muttered Dan. "Well, a silencer won't save even the cleverest crook."

"Can't we keep this out of the papers?" begged the manager.

"Maybe," said Dan. "But right now you can call the police."

Soon the city police arrived. Dan returned with them to headquarters and consulted the chief. After considerable difficulty he persuaded the chief to give him a free hand in the case for two days.

"We'll have to step in at the end of that time," the police chief said.

"You won't have to," Dan answered. "The murdered man was my friend."

Dan returned to the hotel and registered. A bellhop led the way to a room.

"I suppose," remarked Dan amiably as the boy inserted his key in the door, "you meet all kinds of folks around here."

"Yep," said the boy carelessly, "good eggs and bad ones."

"Bad ones?" inquired Dan.

"Yep," said the boy. "Now take those guys in the 612 suite downstairs. They tip swell. But I don't like the way they look at a fella."



Dan Talked With the Manager

"What do you mean — 'tip swell'?" asked Dan.

"They gave me ten snackers for watching a man for them yesterday."

Dan smiled curiously.

"What man?"

The bellboy looked at him narrowly.

"Maybe I ain't telling."

Dan grinned at him disarmingly.

"If you'll tell me who the man was, I'll give you a twenty for the ten you've got."

"Okay," said the boy. "It was the man in 604. I told 'em everything he did in the hotel. Now, how about that twenty?"

Dan took his ten-dollar bill and gave him the twenty. The bellhop hurried away, as if he feared that Dan might think better of his bargain.

Dan studied the ten-dollar bill. It was soiled and crumpled. Apparently it had been long in circulation.

Twenty minutes later he stepped into the laboratory at police headquarters. The chief chemist greeted him warmly.

"Doctor Welles," said Dan, "I want you to test this bill for salt."

"Salt?" asked the chemist.

"Yes," said Dan.

Soon the chemist returned with the bill.

"Not a bit of salt in this," he said. "Why did you want to know?"



"The Murdered Man Was My Friend."

"An old piece of paper money," smiled Dan, "has taken in a lot of perspiration from people's hands."

"Then," said Doctor Welles quickly, "this bill looks like an old one, but it isn't. It's been artificially dirtied. It's a—"

"Phoney," finished Dan. "Good-night."

An hour later Dan knocked on the door of Suite 612 in the Hotel Washington. A lean, sour-faced man opened the door.

"Excuse me," said Dan in a humble voice, "but would you care to buy a ticket for the—"

The sour-faced man made a motion to close the door in Dan's face. Dan's right hand, which had been half raised in a pleading gesture, suddenly clenched. It drove forward like a flash and caught the man full on the chin. He dropped with a groan.

Closing the door behind him, Dan stepped into the lighted room.

"Nobody else here," he said to himself.

He stooped and dragged the unconscious man into a coat closet near the entrance to the room. Pulling a coil of strong cord and a handkerchief from his pockets, he bound and gagged his prisoner. Then he locked the door of the closet.

"Now," thought Dan, "for the other rooms of the suite!"



Dan Saw the Legs of a Man

He tiptoed to a door and put his ear against it. No sound came from within. He opened the door slowly and stepped into the dark room. He ran his hand over the wall, found the switch, and flooded the room with light.

He gasped at what was revealed.

The room was a first-class printing and engraving establishment—small, but modern in every detail. The walls of the room had been sound-proofed. The plates and the little power press showed at once that the phoney money which had fooled bank cashiers had come from this hotel.

"A sweet set-up!" muttered Dan. "Who would ever think of looking in a big hotel for a bunch of counterfeiters and their plant? Well, they—"

"Reach, copper!"

Feeling the muzzle of a gun in his back, Dan raised his hands. His automatic was removed from his pocket. He turned to see a tough-looking man in a checkered cap.

Dan gazed at him coldly.

"Well, now you've come to pay us a visit, Dan Dunn," grunted the man with the gun, "you'll have to stay a while."

Dan refused to give the man the satisfaction of seeing him look uneasy.

"Put away that gun!" he commanded. "You're discovered here and your gang's



"Now for the Other Room."

through for now and always."

"Yeah?" snarled the gunman. "Get on into that room!"

He gestured toward a door in the corner. Dan slowly walked toward it, and the gunman opened it.

"Snap out of it!" said Dan's captor.

Dan stepped into the dark room. The door slammed shut, and the lock clicked.

"Guess he doesn't know that one of the gang's in that closet outside," thought Dan. "He must have been in this room while I was looking around next door. But how am I going to get out of here?"

Suddenly he smiled in the darkness.

"It MIGHT work! The fellow looks pretty dumb."

He took a chair and began throwing it about in the darkness. He growled and yelled in imitation of two men fighting.

Almost instantly the door was flung open and the astonished gunman appeared. As he burst into the room, Dan greeted him with a blow between the eyes that howled him over onto the floor.

Dan's groping hand found a light switch and pressed the button. Dan saw that he was in another part of the gang's workshop.

After recovering his gun, he bound and gagged the second counterfeiter. He



The Chief Chemist Greeted Him

turned off the light and, locking the door, returned to the adjoining room.

"Two," he murmured. "The manager said there were three."

Passing through the main workshop, Dan re-entered the sitting room.

"No more doors," he reflected.

He opened the door of the coat closet and looked at his first prisoner. The man was conscious and rolling in his bonds, but unable to utter a sound. Dan, remembering the fate of his friend, felt no pity for the crook. He stepped out of the closet and locked the door again.

"Guess there's nothing else to do but wait for the others," he thought grimly.

Noticing that the room was uncomfortably warm, he took off his coat and opened a window over the fire escape. Then he sat down in a big chair that gave him a view of all doors in the room.

He did not see the shadow that appeared outside one of the closed windows.

"Dan Dunn!" it whispered fiercely. "This will be your last case!"

Dan shifted in his chair. The shadow quickly stepped behind the wall. When the detective looked settled again, the shadow moved cautiously to the open window. Slowly it stepped into the room.

An automatic with a strange-looking



His Eyes Gleaned With Hate

device on the muzzle was leveled at the back of Dan's head.

A split second before the *pf-f-t* of the silenced pistol, Dan heard the floor creak under the intruder's step. He threw himself forward in his chair, and the bullet went over his head, knocking plaster from the wall. As the black-coated assassin fired again, Dan's pistol spoke from behind the chair. The man shrieked and dropped his weapon as the heavy bullet shattered a bone in his forearm.

"So that's your technique!" snapped Dan. "That's how you shot the man in 604 last night."

The man started to edge toward the window.

"None of that!" ordered Dan, flourishing his automatic. "Take off that mask!"

The killer hesitated momentarily, but the expression on Dan's face told him that the game was up. He slowly removed the mask.

"The Weasel!" exclaimed Dan, recognizing a famous gunman and counterfeiter whom the police and the government had wanted for nearly a year.

The Weasel submitted to being bound and gagged. Then Dan stepped to the telephone and called police headquarters.

"Come and get 'em, Chief!" he said.



A Shadow Appeared Outside

Zane Grey's KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED . . . and the Harper Gang

Inspector Mackenzie called King into his office.

"Here's a peculiar job—I've been holding these clippings for you. Read them, King," he said.

"I can't understand how anyone could print this without proof. These charges are sensational, Inspector," exclaimed King, reading the headlines of a rural newspaper.

"Well, this editor, Niles, may be just a nut or a brave man printing the truth," remarked the inspector.

"Niles hints of night stampedes deliberately calculated, Inspector—of terrorism, and finally murder," said King.

The inspector gave King his orders.

"It's far beyond the first great cattle stations, King. Find out about this One-Man Empire."

With the startling newspaper editorials in his pocket, King galloped off.

He had ridden day and night for several days, but finally King saw signs of civilization.

"A storm's coming up—but that town down in the valley must be Broken Bow," he decided.



King Rode for Several Days

He rode directly toward the center of town. There he saw a small building which looked like the one he was seeking.

"That's the paper—THE CLARION—and a mob. That looks like trouble," King said.

Riding straight into the midst of the muck, he dismounted, and saw an elderly man standing on the front steps.

"I know you men," he was saying, "you're Harper's thugs! You can smash the press, but you can't keep me from writing the truth."

"Shut up, Niles, or we'll—!" shouted one of them.

King had arrived just in time to prevent a mob of tough-looking men from burning and looting the Clarion.

"No one's going to burn anything! Break up this mob!" he commanded.

The mob dispersed sullenly, seeing the determined set of King's jaw.

King went inside with the editor, anxious to get to the bottom of this mystery.

"You saved the paper, sergeant," said the elderly gentleman, "but you've made a powerful enemy!"



"These Charges Are Sensational!"

"That can wait," replied King. "I came here to find out who wrote this story about the 'One-Man Empire.'"

"I wrote it. I'm Jed Niles. But if you're here to investigate—go back! It's a job for an army—not one Moantic!"

"I'll risk that," said King, "but what is the 'One-Man Empire,' Niles?"

"Broken Bow—the town here and the whole range—are run like a kingdom by Thaddeus Harper and he crushes all men who oppose him," replied Niles.

King nodded for Niles to continue.

"They call Harper the 'Emperor!' He's driving out the little cow-men with guns, fire and crooked politics!" Niles concluded bitterly.

"But this story that brought me out here charges Thaddeus Harper with murder," exclaimed King. "What about that?"

As the courageous editor was about to answer King, a bundle of dynamite, with fuse lighted and sputtering, crashed in through the window behind King.

"Look out! Dynamite!" shouted Niles. "Proof—in the safe."

"Get back—don't try that!" warned King, as the editor rushed upon the lighted fuse.

Jed Niles failed in his heroic attempt to stamp out the flaming fuse. A deafening



Jed Niles, the Editor

explosion instantly shattered the little office of the Broken Bow Clarion.

Battered by the force of the explosion, King dragged himself to his feet in the wrecked office to find that the heroic editor had written his last editorial.

"I'm all right," he muttered, "but Niles has—"

King stepped outside. A crowd had gathered, drawn by the report of the explosion.

"Dynamite!" he explained. "It got Niles. Did you see anyone?"

One of the men replied, "If we did it wouldn't be healthy to say so."

"Somebody better ride for Jed's boy," said a cowboy.

Two of the men mounted their horses and rode away. They went to the Niles ranch and soon returned with Jed Niles's son. He stepped inside and introduced himself to King.

"They told me what happened! I'm Dave Niles. Jed was my father."

"He was a brave man, Niles," said King sympathetically, "and I'm sticking around here until I find his murderer."

Grimly, young Dave Niles told King how Thaddeus Harper, owner of the range's biggest herd, had wiped out all opposition to his power.



King Rode to the Center of Town

"The Emperor tried to run dad out—smashed the presses twice, but dad didn't fear him!" he declared.

"But if Harper is crushing the independent ranchers, why don't they unite against him?" asked King.

"They can't—he owns the water rights," replied Dave.

Suddenly a fusillade of shots sounded from the street.

"Shots! Out in the street! Come on!" shouted King.

He quickly ran outside, Dave following close behind.

"Not a man in sight!" declared King.

"Let's go back inside," suggested Dave. "Dad kept some sort of proof about Harper's crooked deals in his safe!"

"Yes, I remember your father's last words about the Emperor's guilt were 'proof—the safe!'" King recalled.

A pawning gap confronted their eyes.

"The safe! Someone's been in it!" cried Dave.

"While we were outside—the shots were a trap!" exclaimed King.

"There's a little drawer missing," said Dave, searching the inside of the safe. "The papers telling about the Emperor are gone."

King realized that someone had looted



"She Was Spying"

the safe of the proof Jed Niles had spoken about. This was a serious setback.

Dave mounted his horse, saying, "I'm riding back to close up my ranch. I'm going to carry on with the Clarion."

Waiting for Dave Niles's return, King sought a clue in the old Clarion files.

"Stories of men driven off the range by the Emperor—men murdered for their land—but no actual proof of Harper's crookedness!" he thought as he read.

Unknown to King, the office door slowly opened. A dark form was outlined against the wall.

Suddenly Dave Niles returned, making a surprising capture.

"King! I've caught—it's a girl—Marlene Harper!" he shouted breathlessly.

King jumped up.

"She's 'Emperor' Harper's daughter! She was spying through the window when I rode up," said Dave.

"I wasn't spying! I—I came here—to tell you who killed Niles—and to help you get him!" she said earnestly.

"Even if it's the 'Emperor?'" King asked incredulously.

"Who dynamited Niles as he was about to expose your father's crooked deals?" asked King.

"He is hard and merciless, but my



"Pin Dave Niles!"

father didn't kill Jed Niles!" she asserted.

"Then who did, Miss Harper?" demanded King.

"Someone who works for father is double-crossing him into situations like this! And I think I know who it is and why he is doing it," she declared.

"Well—who is it?" asked Dave.

"King, I can't prove who did kill Niles, but if you and Dave would come to the Harper range—" she said.

"It's a trap, King. They never come back from Harper's range!" shouted Dave.

But King of the Royal Mounted disregarded young Niles's warning. He was willing to take the risk if there was a chance of getting information. He and Dave mounted their horses and started toward the Harper range with the girl.

"Why don't you trust me, Dave?" asked Marlene.

"How can I trust you, Marlene?" he asked.

Too many doubts assailed the young man's mind, doubts he could not shake.

The party of three rode until dark.

They rode along in silence for a few paces, going over the mountain trail which led from Broken Bow to the Harper range, when suddenly a group of armed men blocked the way.



"Let the Law Handle This!"

"Halt! Throw down your guns!" cried one of the men.

"It's a trap, King. Marlene's double-crossed us," shouted Dave.

"I can't make out who you are with, Miss Harper," cried the same voice again, "but only Harper's men ride this trail. Turn off into the woods!"

King and the others dismounted and strode up to the men who blocked the road. The light of their campfire fell on King's red coat.

"Why—you're a Mountie!" said one.

"That's right," said King. "Now talk fast with an explanation."

"Wait a minute, King," interrupted Dave. "These men are all right. They're all independent ranchers—my friends!"

"I'm Ben Dodds," said an elderly man, who was spokesman for the group. "We thought you were Harper's men. But what's his girl doing here?"

"We have accepted her offer to help you ranchers," explained King. "She is sure that one of her father's own men is double-crossing Mr. Harper, making it appear that all the dirty work is being done by her father, and if that is so, I shall bring him to justice!"

The men were relieved to hear this, for they had intended to go after Harper's



The Three Rode From Town

gang, and not wait any longer.

"You're in the right, Dodds, but you men can't take the law into your own hands," said King.

"We didn't know the Mounties had been sent in," said Dodds.

"If you don't clean 'em up in a hurry, Mountie, we will!" declared another.

These ranchers, angered and nearly bankrupt by years of battling the "One-Man Emperor," Thaddeus Harper, were ready for a showdown.

"I can't hold them back," said Dodd desperately, "and I won't!"

"Men, if you make trouble now, it may mean war on the range for years—let the law handle this!" said King.

"We're not fighting for a principle, King, but for our very lives!" asserted the rancher.

"Dodds, even though you're right, I'll arrest anyone who breaks the law," declared King.

Then he turned to Niles and the girl.

"Dave, Marlene Harper will ride home ahead of us, learn what she can, and meet us here late tonight."

"Right, King. I will be here, and thanks for believing in me!" she said gratefully.

After Marlene had gone, King turned to Niles. "It's risky, Dave, but we'll ride



They Rode to the Ranch

straight into Harper's range and see if we can find cattle belonging to the independents," he said.

King and Niles turned their horses in the direction Marlene had taken and rode into the heart of the One-Man Empire.

After riding hard for nearly an hour, they turned off into a narrow road which led to Harper's cattle range. The place appeared to be deserted.

Expertly, they rode in and out among the cattle.

"Here's a brand belonging to one of the independent ranchers," Dave exclaimed.

King examined the cattle and could see that Dave's discovery was correct.

"This is pretty definite proof," he said.

"Here are some more," said Dave, continuing his search.

"It would seem that almost half of these cattle are stolen property," surmised King, an hour later.

Just then a voice called, "Hands up, and no arguments."

Quickly they both put up their hands. That menacing voice meant business.

"Now follow me," said the voice again.

The captives could do nothing but obey. They were soon at the ranch house.

"This way, you two," said their captor.

They entered a well-built ranch house,



King Talked With Dodds

and were taken to the library. A man was seated at the desk.

"Here, Harper, I saw these two guys snoopin' around the cattle range. I thought you might like to see 'em."

"Thanks, Red. I'd like to meet these gentlemen," replied Harper courteously, but with a cold note in his voice.

"We'd like to meet you, too, Harper," said King. "We want to know what all those stolen cattle are doing in your range, and we also want to know what you know about the murder of Jed Niles."

"Stolen cattle — murder — Jed Niles — did you say?" Harper repeated, stunned.

"Yes. You had something to do with that, Harper," cried Dave.

Marlene had entered the room, immediately followed by a hard, ugly rancher.

"Snead, those cattle that are out in the range," said Harper, addressing the newcomer, "I paid you for them. You told me you bought them. These men say they are stolen cattle."

Snead looked sullen but made no reply.

"Well, what about them? And what about the murder of Jed Niles, a man whom I always respected, even if he did resent my ambition," said Harper again.

"Monty Snead is the one who murdered Niles. I'm sure of that," said Mar-



"I'm Sorry I Doubted You!"

lene looking at him accusingly.

Dave strode over and landed a powerful blow on Snead's jaw.

Snead staggered, and then made a lunge for Dave. They were with difficulty separated by King.

"All right. I'll tell you what happened," said Snead, barely able to stand. "I asked Marlene to marry me, and she told me to get out of her sight. Then I went to Harper and asked him to make Marlene change her mind. He wouldn't do anything to 'help me.' Here he stopped.

But King said, "Go on, we're listening."

"Finally, I thought I'd get Harper into a spot where he'd be accused of stealing cattle, and other things, and maybe even murder, and then when he wanted my help, maybe he'd listen to reason."

"Then you killed Jed Niles!" said King accusingly.

Snead had an ugly leer on his face, but did not deny it.

"All right, Snead, come along with me," said King, taking hold of the cringing rancher.

"King, I'm ever so grateful to you for clearing up these terrible thefts and murders," said the girl, her eyes shining.

"I am, too, King, and I hope I can show it some day," said Harper.



King Talked to Harper

SMILIN' JACK . . . and the Strato-Plane

By ZACK MOSLEY

Smilin' Jack almost ran into Mary Harlan as he came around the corner of the hangar one morning. Mary was Jack's special friend, or had been until the girl flier called Red Wright had appeared at the landing field. Red Wright was an accomplished aviator and an especially good stunt flier. Jack had been seeing a lot of her.

"Hello, Jack!" Mary greeted him. "I haven't seen you for ages."

"Gosh, I'm glad to see you, Mary, but I can't stop now. I've got to put on some air acrobatics over at the fair grounds with Red Wright. Mary, that Red is some girl. You know Professor Sputter and I are making a stratosphere plane. Well, Red has given us lots of ideas for that. Well, so long, Mary. I've gotta hurry."

"Oh, shocks!" said Mary stamping her foot as Jack disappeared around the hangar. "Ever since that girl saved his life she's been keeping him busy. I've got an idea!" she remarked to herself suddenly.

She ran around the hangar and found the manager.

"I want to hire a plane!" she said.



Jack Nearly Bumped Into Mary



Another Large Loop and Crazy Dive

"Okay!" he answered. "I've got a brand new sportster I think you'll like fine. It's all gassed up, ready to take off."

Ten minutes later, Mary took off in the new sport plane. She thought out her big idea as she flew. "If I want to see more of Jack, I'll have to speak his language. That means I'll have to do stunt flying. I guess there's no better time than the present, so here goes. I'll try a loop first—"

The little plane zoomed and turned over on its back, and then pointed its nose to the earth and dived.

"Oo-coo!" gasped Mary. "I've done something wrong—"

She jerked the stick and pressed the controls. The plane nearly turned itself into knots.

The pilots and mechanics on the ground stared in open-mouthed wonder at what they thought was stunt flying.

"Marvelous!" cried a visiting pilot. "I've never seen anything like it. Must be imitating someone who has lost control."

Someone had lost control. Mary was reaching the point where she could not think clearly. She grabbed the stick. The

plane rose almost vertically. Then the ship turned over and whipped into a spin.

The men watching below expected to see it crash at any moment. They ran for shelter. But Mary brought the plane out of the dive and roared over the laboratory where Jack and Professor Sputter were working.

"Well, Jack," Professor Sputter was saying, "our new stratosphere plane is nearly completed. In fact, when these last parts are assembled, you can fly it."

"Fine, Professor!" answered Jack. "Say wot's that plane doin' so close?"

Having escaped death by a number of miracles, Mary finally righted the plane, and after circling over the field, landed and came to a bouncing stop.

It was Pinfeathers, the youngster who hung around the bangars, who told Jack who the pilot of the plane had been.

"Mary!" scoffed Jack, "why that's impossible."

"Impossible or not, it was Mary just the same," Pinfeathers said.

"But Mary's no stunt pilot!" insisted Smilin' Jack.

"Says you! She's been doin' stunts nobody ever heard of before," Pinfeathers retorted. "Look! She's over there talkin' to that little mechanic now."



"I Won't Quit Till I'm a Good Flyer."

Mary was saying to the mechanic, "Got, I guess I'll never make a stunt flier. I never would be able to give a crowd a real thrill."

"Oh, NO?" gasped the mechanic, who even now just got his breath after watching Mary.

Turning in Smilin' Jack's direction, Mary bailed him with a wave of her hand.

"How'd you like my little work-out just now? Not bad, even if I'll never make a real stunt pilot! What d'ya say?" she said.

"Wot do I say?" Jack gulped. "I say you oughta be spanked. You're just a crazy little fool for huck, Mary Harlan. Haven't you ANY consideration for your life?"

"Oh, yeah?" Mary said indignantly. "And I suppose you don't think stratosphere flying is dangerous."

"That's different," Jack retorted. "Men have to take chances sometimes. It's no excuse for YOUR crazy flying. I forbid you to do any more."

Mary started back at these words.

"FORBID!" she laughed shrilly. "Say! Just who do you think you are to tell me what I can't do? You have no right to talk to me like that." Her chin quivered with rage. "As hard as I've tried to be a stunt flier so I'd have something in common with you! I never want to see you again—NEVER!"



"I've Never Seen Anything So Daring."

"B-B-But Mary!" Jack pleaded. "Wait a minute!"

But Mary walked away toward her sport plane and got into it. Jack ran after it trying to stop her. But it was no use. The plane was taking off before he reached it.

"Well, who'd have thought it of quiet Mary Harlan—," Jack said miserably.

"What's the matter with you?" asked a voice behind him.

Smilin' Jack turned around.

"Hello, Red. Mary and I just had another quarrel."

Mary had gone up, her chin set with grim determination. She was resolved not to come down until she could fly as well as Red, or the plane ran out of gas.

The red-headed stunt girl meanwhile had her own scheme.

"Well, that's Mary's own business, isn't it? You couldn't stop her, so why worry? Come on over to my apartment—I've just made some chocolate cake," she said.

Smilin' Jack went along rather sorrowfully. He almost forgot about Mary, in the eating of a huge piece of cake.

Suddenly running feet were heard in the hall, and Pinfeathers rushed in.

"Hey, Jack! Where are you?" screeched Pinfeathers. "Come quick! Mary's in trou-



"Your Strato-Plane Has Been Located!"

ble—lost in a fog that's just come up."

Jack was on his feet in an instant.

"Gangway!" he shouted.

Red was completely forgotten.

"Hurry!" cried Pinfeathers. "They can tell by her radio that she is near the airport, but she doesn't know how to land blind, and she hasn't a parachute."

"I'll find her!" Jack replied. "There's a radio direction-finder in Professor's new plane. It could find a mosquito in a blizzard. Roll her out!" he called to the mechanic as they reached the hangar.

Professor Sputter, waiting at the door, seized Jack's arm.

"Are you crazy?" he squeaked. "Listen, you'll only get lost yourself. I won't let you—"

But Jack was already at the controls.

"Stubborn fool!" yelled the little man. "Splendid fool!"

To make a long story short, Smilin' Jack did find Mary's plane in the fog, transferred to it in the air, and brought it down safely. But he had to abandon the new stratosphere plane.

The next day, in spite of having made things up with Mary, Jack walked about the laboratory in a cloud of gloom. Professor Sputter tried to comfort him.

"Cheer up, my boy!" he said. "Don't feel



"Cheer up, My Boy!"

so had about losing our strato-plane. It was a cheap price to pay for saving Mary's life."

"I know, Professor," protested Jack, "but the new plane meant so much to you, and—"

"Lookit!" yelled Pinfeathers. "That's an army plane comin' in to land, isn't it?"

Both men followed the youngster's pointing arm and saw a big gray mono-plane gliding down to the landing field.

"One of the new type army bombers," commented Jack. "It's the fastest thing yet in big ships. Wonder what he wants!"

Jack's question was soon answered by the army pilot himself.

"Your strato-plane, Professor," he said, "has been located by army fliers. It is resting on level ground on a western prairie."

"Wonderful!" squeaked the professor. "Tell me, Captain, will it be possible to salvage the essential parts?"

"More than that!" the Captain answered. "The plane seems to be unhurt. If you will step into my plane, you shall go to inspect it yourself."

"Gladly," the professor assented.

Not only the professor, but Jack and Pinfeathers were passengers in the plane.

"I didn't know that the army was so interested in our new invention, Captain," Smilin' Jack remarked.



"That Guy Is Getting Away Fast!"

The officer nodded.

"Yes, the government is more than interested. An army equipped with strato-sphere planes would have the advantage over every force in the world. And speaking of your plane, there she lies, just below us over to the right. We can't understand yet how it came to land safely without a pilot."

"Oce, Professor!" Pinfeathers broke in. "How do you explain that?"

Professor Sputter grinned.

"My strato-plane has an automatic pilot—an invention brought to perfection for the first time. That's what flew the plane after Jack abandoned it in mid-air, and landed it when the gas gave out. I expected that we'd find it safe and sound."

"Knowing your ability as an inventor, I suspected it was something like this," said the captain. "But tell me, does your automatic pilot also refuel the plane and take off from the ground alone?"

All eyes searched the captain's face for some sign of a joke.

"Of course not!" the professor snapped rudely. "Why do you ask that?"

"Because," the officer said, "your strato-plane is taking off this very minute!"

"Catch it!" screamed the professor.

The army plane's motors roared with



"Good! How Do You Explain That?"

incredible power. For a moment it seemed as if the pursuit might be successful. But the strato-plane's supercharged motors quickly began to draw the ship away from the army plane.

"Some thief is piloting it!" the professor shouted.

"Gee!" squealed Pinkfeathers, "can't we do something about it?"

"We'll try some tracer-bullets," granted the captain. "Sergeant," he spoke into the radio-phone. "Forward machine gun—tracer bullets. Try to scare that plane down."

Instantly the quick-firer in the forward turret began spraying white streaks toward the fleeing plane. They went to the right and the left of it. Evidently the thief had plenty of nerve. He simply went faster.

"You'll never get him before he hits the stratosphere, Captain," groaned Jack, "and then it's good-bye."

"We won't give up yet. We have something better than tracer bullets!" He pointed to a small lever on the instrument board. "This new directional beam will blow up the ignition of any gasoline engine running."

A low humming was the only sound heard in the plane. But the effects were seen in the fleeing strato-plane's change of



In Pursuit on Foot

maneuvers. Caught in a climb, it suddenly stalled. Then it fell in a swift glide to the earth. As luck would have it, the prairie below was fairly level.

The strato-plane swooped to an emergency landing, with the army bomber close at its heels. The instant the wheels of the strato-plane touched the ground, the thief jammed on his brakes and jumped clear.

Luck was with him and the wonder-plane he had tried to steal. Nothing happened to either one. The captain of the bomber was more cautious. He came to a landing a hundred yards away, jumped from the plane and dashed after the thief.

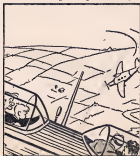
Again and again his automatic spoke. But the bullets only kicked up dust around the feet of the fleeing figure.

"Best see what direction he takes after getting through those trees over there," Jack advised. "We can follow his tracks for some distance."

But, as luck would have it, the ground beneath the trees was too dry for tracking. The captain and Jack turned back, angry and disappointed. The thief had got away.

From a safe cover near the road, the thief watched them.

"They won the trick this time," he said, "but I'll get the plans of that plane yet!"



The Prairie Below Was Fairly Level

BUCK JONES . . .

and the Platteville Bank Robbery

By BUCK WILSON

BUCK JONES rode down toward the little frontier town of Platteville at dawn. Going north to buy new stock for the Flying-P, he had ridden all night to escape the heat of the day. He planned to rest himself and his mount in town this morning and then push on to the Circle-R, still sixty miles away.

"Silver," Buck said to his horse as they came into the single, deserted street of Platteville, "we'll rouse up that luxurious hotel and get something to eat."

He drew up and dismounted before the unpainted, warped building that served Platteville as a hotel. Glancing down the empty street, he saw a man lead four horses from behind a dilapidated structure bearing the sign PLATTEVILLE RANCHERS BANK.

"Huh!" he muttered. "Wonder what he's doing at this time in the morning?"

As the words passed through his mind, a shot sounded from the bank and three men, carrying sacks, rushed forth. They leaped on the waiting horses.

"Red Canyon!" said one of them hoarsely.



"I Want a Ponce!"

An instant later they were pounding down the street.

"Holy smoke!" exclaimed Buck. "Come on, Silver, we've got to trail them!"

Buck leaped into the saddle, and the white horse sprang forward. As he raced past the bank, Buck saw a man's body sprawled inside the doorway.

"Plugged the watchman!" he growled. CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

Buck's sombrero suddenly leaped from his head.

"Not so fast, you murderin' polecat!" shouted an angry voice.

Buck drew Silver up short and whirled around. A man holding a smoking gun, and with a star on his shirt, had him covered. Townsmen were pouring into the street and hurrying up to them.

"Get your horses!" shouted Buck to the crowd. "The cash thieves are heading for Red Canyon!"

"Get down off that horse!" barked the sheriff. "Keep yore hands up. Yore charged with th' murder o' Hank Wiggins!"

Buck dismounted and a bystander took



Buck Dismounted Before the Hotel

his guns away from him.

"There go yore bank-busters!" protested Buck, pointing to the receding dust cloud beyond town.

"We're goin'," grumbled the sheriff, "an' we don't need any o' yore lip. I want a posse," he said to the excited circle around them. "Get yore hosses, quick!"

"We'll give yuh a necktie party when we get back," growled a bystander, looking darkly at Buck.

"If your sheriff spends his time shooting holes in honest hombres' hats, he'll never catch those sneak thieves!" retorted Buck.

"Shot up!" shouted the sheriff, climbing onto a horse which a deputy led up. "Jeff," he ordered, "put this killer in the calaboose. We'll take care o' him when we get th' others. Come on! Bet they're headed for Long Gulch, 'cause their pardner here said they was goin' to Red Canyon."

The sheriff, followed by a dozen men, clattered away in a cloud of dust. The remainder of the crowd, with sour looks at Buck, began to disperse.

"The doggone fool!" groaned Buck. "He'll never catch them!"

"You was party slow on the getaway," scowled Jeff. "Don't try no tricks now, stranger. *Move!*"



They Clattered Away



The Door Clanged Shut Behind Buck

Jeff recovered Buck's guns from the man who had disarmed him. Then he steered Buck toward the jail. As they neared it, Buck spoke up.

"Say, pardner, will you look to my boss? This isn't his fault, and he's had hard riding."

"Yep," said Jeff. "No sense in a hombre like you ownin' a hoss like that!"

Buck smiled faintly.

Two minutes later the barred door clanged shut behind Buck. Jeff left to take care of Silver.

Buck sat down on the cot in his cell.

"The sand-eating lizards," he muttered, "think I did it! And now they're chasing off in the wrong direction!"

He leaned back and laughed till he was weak. Then he became more serious.

"What a spot! Don't know anybody in this cussed town. Until those hold-up artists are behind the bars, Buck Jones will take the blame—and maybe he honor man in a necktie party. The fool sheriff's got to get *some* hombre to save his measly job. I've got to get out of here and—"

Footfalls sounded in the corridor. Jeff appeared, slapping sand from his clothes. He sat on a stool outside Buck's cell.

"Repentin?" he asked.

"Never did anything wrong in my life,"

grinned Buck, "but I'm sure burned up about being in here!"

"Talkin' like that'll do yuh no good," drawled Jeff. "But say, pard, about that boss of yores. Yuh ain't gonna be needin' 'im for a long time, I'm thinkin'. Whad-days want fer 'im?"

"If I don't need Silver," snapped Buck, "I don't need money. You couldn't have a hair of Silver for a million pesos!"

Jeff gazed interestedly at his prisoner.

"Yuh talk like a white man," he exclaimed. "How'd yuh ever get in with them snakes?"

Buck shook his head impatiently.

"Guess it's no use talking," he muttered. "You wouldn't believe me."

Jeff rolled and lit a cigarette. After two or three puffs he glanced at Buck.

"Wonder when them sand fleas'll get back. Hope I ain't gonna sit here all day."

Buck took off his sombrero and eyed the bullet holes ruefully. Jeff sighed with boredom.

"Play poker, stranger?" asked Jeff.

"I don't take any hombre's dollars," smiled Buck, "but I'll take your shirt."

Eagerly accepting the challenge, Jeff produced a battered deck of cards. The two men drew their stools up to the bars. Jeff shuffled the cards and dealt Buck five.



He Eyed the Two Bullet Holes



"Listen," Said Buck

"They ain't marked or nothin'," Jeff reassured his prisoner.

Buck looked at his hand with feigned amazement.

"Smatter, pard?" inquired Jeff. "Some poker face you got!"

"What in blazes is this?" demanded Buck, holding his cards so that Jeff would have to lean close to the bars to see them.

"I don't see anythin'" began Jeff.

He leaped back, but he was too late. Buck's hand had darted through the bars and snatched Jeff's gun from its holster.

"Not a word, pardner," whispered Buck, covering him. "Unlock that door!"

Jeff, with uneasy glances at Buck's steady gun hand, sullenly opened the door.

"Yuh won't get far!" he muttered.

"Listen!" said Buck tensely. "I'm going after those murdering coyotes, and I need Silver. You're going to take me to the stable out the back door. My guns will be in the holsters, but remember—I'm the fastest-drawing hombre in the Southwest!"

Buck stepped out of the cell and picked up his cartridge belts and guns. Jeff led him through the back door of the jail and toward the stables.

As he saddled Silver, Buck spoke sharply to Jeff.

"Hate to do this, pardner, but I'm an innocent man. If you'll give me a minute's start, I won't have to shoot anybody."

Jeff's eyes showed a gleam of admiration.

"Maybe yore straight," he mumbled. "You'll get the minute unless somebody else sees yuh."

Buck vaulted into the saddle and touched Silver's ribs with his heels. Silver bounded out the door and into the street. As he stretched out into a gallop, Buck heard shouts behind him. Glancing back, he saw men running from the saloon. They fired after him, then leaped on their horses.

Silver's long, beautiful stride quickly left his pursuers behind. A few minutes after he had left the outskirts of the town, Buck saw that the chase had been given up. He slowed Silver to a trot.

"Now, Silver," he murmured grimly, "we've got to watch for the posse and those sneak thieves both. Lucky we know the Red Canyon country, old hoss!"

An hour's ride brought Buck to the arroyo which, gradually deepening, became Red Canyon two miles to the north. He turned down into the arroyo.

"Maybe we can come up on them without being seen, Silver," he said. "But we've



Buck Rode on Slowly

sure got to watch carefully. Those hornbres will shoot without asking questions."

Fifteen minutes later Buck rode into the opening of Red Canyon. It was a jumble of sandstone buttes and outcroppings, loose sand and sagebrush.

"Bet they headed for the spring," muttered Buck. "They can water their horses, share the swag, and ride for the broken country up north."

He wiped his streaming face.

"That sheriff," was his afterthought, "will be chasing them somewhere around the Rio Grande by that time!"

Carefully listening, Buck rode on slowly. When he was two hundred yards from the spring, he dismounted.

"Stay here!" he ordered Silver, rubbing the horse's nose.

He began picking his way along the floor of the canyon, keeping next to the wall.

"They might not be at the spring," he reflected. "Probably they're near enough to use it, but far enough away so they won't be seen. But I'm taking no chances!"

When Buck rounded the next corner of the canyon, he saw that his reasoning had been right. Hoodmarks about the spring betrayed the recent presence of four riders.

Buck stealthily followed the canyon



Silver Outdistanced His Pursuers

northward. The sun, now in the south, penetrated down into the canyon and made him gasp with the heat. Suddenly he stopped short, hearing a hurst of angry voices.

"Yuh on'y held th' hosses! Yuh ain't tellin' me how t' divide!"

"I coulda got plugged as quick as you!"

"Must be down there in a gully off to my right," Buck whispered to himself. "Maybe I can crawl up on that ledge and get the drop on them."

Buck stepped as near to the ledge as he dared. Then he took to his hands and knees. As the wrangling voices grew louder, he halted to see that the cylinders of his Colt's worked smoothly.

He wriggled to the edge of the gully and peered down. Four men, mounted and riding close together, were passing only ten feet below him. He instantly recognized them as the bank robbers.

"Reach, you hombres!" he sang out.

Three of the men raised empty hands and stared upward. The fourth, slim and crafty, was slower with his hands, and when they were lifted they held exploding six-shooters.

A bullet spattered rock into Buck's face, and a splinter of lead cut his cheek. Buck saw the other three men go for their guns.



He Took to His Hands and Knees



They Stared Upward

But Buck was quicker. Throwing himself from the ledge, he landed like a bombshell in the midst of them. His hurtling body knocked the slim man from his horse and sent another man's gun spinning. Before the other two outlaws could locate a target to shoot at, Buck, behind the riderless horse, had them covered with a very businesslike air.

"Wal, I'll be hornswoggled!" gasped one of them.

"Drop those guns!" commanded Buck.

They dropped their guns. The slim man, who had been thrown from his horse, got to his feet painfully.

"You've busted my arm!" he snarled at Buck. "What th'—"

Buck lowered his guns for just a second as he glanced at the man's arm. Just then the arm flashed under the outlaw's coat and came out with a blazing derringer.

Buck leaped aside, his own guns blazing. He felt a sickening impact on his left arm. The slim man dropped his derringer and reeled as a .45 bullet shattered his shinbone.

"Now your leg is busted!" gritted Buck. "No more of that, you dirty killers!"

"What's this—a hold-up?" groaned the slim man angrily, leaning on the shoulder of another outlaw.

Buck glanced at the money bags, slung from the saddles of the horses.

"Mebbe he's a boss thief," growled a man with a red beard.

"Shut up!" snapped Buck. "You're getting on your horses and riding back to Platteville. Quick!"

His left arm hanging limp, Buck flourished a six-gun at the two standing bandits. They helped the wounded man into his saddle.

The little procession followed the canyon southward, Buck walking behind with a gun swinging in his good right hand. He was sick from the shock of his wound. When they came to Silver, Buck mounted with difficulty, keeping his prisoners covered.

Emerging from the canyon, they began the ride to town, through sand, sagebrush, and cacti. The outlaws grumbled at the burning sun and the glare of the sand. The man with the hurt leg jabbered deliriously. Buck, feeling sicker than ever, brought up the rear.

Three hours of slow riding brought them within sight of Platteville, a little cluster of warped boards on the scorched plain. As Buck and his prisoners neared the town, a group of horsemen appeared outside the town and galloped swiftly to-



Buck Saw the Posse

ward them, raising a great cloud of dust.

Buck, almost blind from weakness and the glare, was barely able to recognize the posse as it drew up in front of him.

"Wal, what th'—!" gasped the sheriff, glancing at the money bag hanging from the saddles.

"Here's yore bank busters," muttered Buck.

Buck reeled in his saddle. Jeff appeared at his side and steadied him. The posse turned on the sheriff angrily.

"Yuh danged fool!" shouted one of them. "Yuh been paradin' us all day chasin' sand clouds, an' yore own prisoner 'scapes an' beats the whole posse on th' take!"

"Cut the yap," put in another deputy. "We got two wounded men here. They gotta see a medico quick."

As the grumbling and discomfited sheriff led the party back toward town, deputies swarmed about Buck and deluged him with questions.

"Leave 'im alone!" said Jeff angrily. "Let's see that arm, pardner."

"Just got a flesh wound," grinned Buck. "Be on my way again tomorrow."

"Say," said Jeff, "what's yore monicker?—if yuh don't mind the askin'. Yuh shore got what it takes!"



Buck Threw Himself From the Ledge

G-MAN . . . and the Kidnap Ring

By MILT YOUNGREN

TOM TRAYLOR, able young G-Man, hurried into the office of the chief of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, in response to a telephone call.

"Something big has popped, Traylor," the Chief told him. "Have you ever heard of a Mr. Green of Detroit?"

"You mean J. B. Green, the millionaire?" Traylor asked. "Sure, why?"

"He's been kidnaped," the Chief announced calmly.

"Wow! Chief, that IS a case! Who's going to handle it?"

"You are, Traylor," said the Chief, with a smile at Traylor's eagerness. "Report to the Detroit office as soon as you can, and good luck, my boy!"

The following morning Traylor was reporting at the F. B. I. office in Detroit. The head of the office welcomed him warmly and proceeded to unfold the details of the case.

"Green was returning from a business meeting. Miss Evans, his secretary, was with him, but the kidnapers, who were hiding in ambush along the prairie road, let her go. She is now at the Green home,



News From the Kidnapers!



Traylor Closed the Messenger

under a physician's care—nervous shock, you know. Mr. Green's lawyer, Dawson, informed the office of the crime.

"Now I would suggest that you run out to the Green home and talk with Mrs. Green and that secretary; I think she knows more than she's telling. And remember, the man-power and resources of this office are at your disposal."

"Thank you, sir," said Traylor, and hurried away toward the Greens' home.

In a short time Traylor had announced himself to Dawson, the Greens' dapper lawyer, and was being presented to Mrs. Green.

They had just seated themselves in the handsome living-room, and were going into the background of the case, when a trim maid interrupted to speak to Mrs. Green.

"Pardon, Madame, a messenger just delivered this for you."

She handed over a crumpled envelope.

With nervous fingers Mrs. Green slit the envelope and withdrew a single sheet of paper. As she glanced at it she gasped in horror.

"Great heavens! It's from the kidnapers!"

At these words Traylor leaped to his feet and raced past the maid to the still open door.

"Get that messenger!" he cried, charging out into the street.

But the quiet street was deserted at that moment, and there was no longer any sign of the messenger. Or was there? As Tom was about to turn back to the house, discouraged by the temporary set-back, a dark splotch on the trim lawn caught his eye, and he whooped with delight as he saw that it was a man's hat!

"Did he get away?" asked Dawson, who came puffing out to meet Traylor.

"Yes," Tom admitted, "but he left a valuable souvenir—his hat."

Back at the house, the G-Man faced Mrs. Green with a cheerful smile.

"That messenger vanished into thin air; but may I see the note from the kidnapers, Mrs. Green?"

With growing concern he read the hastily scrawled message:

"Mrs. Green: It will cost you one hundred thousand dollars in small bills for the safe return of your husband. I warn you, DON'T mark the money. Keep police out of this. Instructions for delivery



The Maid Answered a Phone Call

of money will be found in the Daily Gazette personals column from day to day.

Signed, X. Y. Z."

"Humph! Well, there's work to be done here. First, about this hat—. So it was purchased at a shop here in Detroit," he noted, glancing inside the crown.

Turning to the telephone he called the F. B. I. office.

"Hello, Flint?" he spoke to the Detroit chief. "Traylor talking. I'm at the Green home. Things have been popping since I arrived. Send me three of your best men immediately. And, Flint, look up a fellow named Zeck—A. C. Zeck. He runs a hat shop at 816 Grand. Yeah, I'll send one of the men back with a hat purchased there; I must know who bought this hat. Yes, thanks a lot, Flint. See you later."

While they were awaiting the arrival of the other G-Men, Tom asked Dawson to take him to Miss Evans, the kidnaped man's secretary, who was resting at the Green home.

"Now, Miss Evans," he told the nervous girl when Dawson had left them alone, "you can be a great help if you will give me an account of Mr. Green's kidnaping."

"I want very much to help," she replied earnestly. "I shall tell you all I know."

But she did not finish her account until



Tom Read the Ransom Note

much later. For at that moment the maid appeared again in the doorway to summon Tom Traylor to the telephone.

Traylor answered cheerfully, expecting a familiar voice from the F. B. I. office. To his amazement a growl greeted him:

"Lissen, copper, we warned Green's secretary if th' police was called in ol' man Green would never return. Now lay offa this job OR ELSE! Savvy?"

With a shout Traylor summoned Dawson to his side.

"What is it, Traylor?" asked the startled lawyer.

"One of the gang who kidnaped Green phoned. They've learned we G-Men are on the case, but HOW did they find out? Get the operator to trace that call, Dawson; I've got to know where it came from. Let me know as soon as you get the information; I'll be upstairs."

Once again Miss Evans began her story of the horrible encounter with the kidnapers; once again she was interrupted, this time by Mr. Dawson.

"That phone call came from Chicago, Traylor," he announced. "That's all I could find out about it."

"Chicago?" gasped Tom. "How could—"

The G-Man was thoughtfully silent for



Headquarters Sent out Assistance

a moment; then he turned again to the waiting lawyer.

"Dawson," he confided, "there's something mighty peculiar about this case. I've hardly arrived on the scene when some of the kidnap gang phone from Chicago, and ask for me by name. What do you make of that?"

"I don't know what to think," admitted the baffled lawyer.

"Well, I do," Tom replied. "And I've got a hunch someone in this very household is acting as an informer, but WHO?"

The answer to this question was to come sooner than Tom expected.

At that moment the maid entered to announce the arrival of the three G-Men Tom had requested, and to his delight he found among them his friend, Ed Dale.

After friendly greetings all around, Ed dispatched one of his young assistants with the captive hat, on the trail of its purchaser. Then Tom hastily outlined the developments in the case for Ed and his other assistant.

"I'm convinced by certain events that have transpired around here that someone in this household is involved with this kidnap gang, and I'm going to find out who it is. Now here's my plan."

Again Traylor paused to outline the



The Gang Had Been Warned About Tom

course of action he had decided upon. First of all the servants must be questioned. But while they were questioning Marie, the maid, they were interrupted again.

Terry, the young G-Man who had been sent off with the bat was back.

"Hello, Terry," Ed greeted him. "Any luck tracing the bat?"

"Plenty, Ed. Zeck sold it to a bird named Grecco, and you'll be interested to know that he lives or works at the estate right next to this one," Terry announced.

"Hot dog!" Tom enthused. "That checks with my theory, too; of course servants next door would be swapping gossip, so this Grecco could keep posted."

"Well, Tom, what's your plan now?" Ed inquired.

"To surround the house next door," Tom announced firmly. "It's good and dark out now. You and Terry cover the back of the house; I'll ring the front door bell. If no one answers, crash in the back door when I whistle. I'll bust in the front way—O.K.?"

"Righto!" the others agreed.

"Well, come on then."

After cautiously skirting the broad stretch of open lawn, the three G-Men met again behind the neighbors' garage.

"Remember, if no one answers the



Tom Recognized Their Captive

doorbell we'll crash our way in when I whistle," Tom whispered.

"O.K., Tom," came the quiet response.

With leveled automatic before him, Tom circled around the house.

"Not a light in the place," he noted.

Three times he pressed the bell; three times he waited tensely as the long, clear blasts echoed faintly from the dark interior. Then a sharp whistle broke the stillness of the night. This was Tom's signal to break into the mysterious house.

"Well, here goes," Tom murmured to himself.

To his amazement, as his shoulder hit the door it swung easily inward, sending him sprawling on the floor. Before he could right himself or accustom his eyes to the inky gloom, a beam of light shot into his face, and a voice commanded, "Drop that gun!"

As Tom let his weapon fall to the floor, and cursed himself for his blunder, his captor gave a startled cry, the beam of light swung wildly up to the ceiling, and Tom heard Terry's sturdy voice say, "I've got 'im, Tom!"

Tom heard a small thud and stooped to get the crook's flashlight. He swung it up, and halted in amazement at the sight of the man struggling in Terry's grip.



They Planned to Surround the House

"Butch the Ripper!" he shouted. "Just how do you fit into this Green kidnapping picture?"

Butch the Ripper was in a surly mood.

"I ain't talkin', see?"

"Frankly, that's no surprise," Tom admitted cheerfully. He turned to Terry. "Keep an eye on our new playmate, Terry; I want to look around a bit."

"O.K., Tom," Terry agreed.

Tom was wandering through the halls when a cry from Ed brought him to the library on the run.

"Hey, Tom! Come here quick!"

"What's up, Ed?" Tom asked.

"I found this slip under the phone. It has a telephone number on it."

Traylor glanced at the slip and stared thoughtfully off into space.

"Whitchall 6133—hum. Whitchall—Whitchall—where have I ever heard of that exchange? I've got it, Ed!" he burst out. "I've got it, and if my hunch is right we're really getting some place!"

"How so, Tom?"

"If you recall, Ed, Mrs. Green got a threatening telephone call from the kidnapers in Chicago and Whitchall is a Chicago telephone exchange!"

Tom jiggled the telephone until he got the long distance operator.



The G-Men Planned a Campaign

"I want the name and street address of the party who has Whitchall 6133 in Chicago. Yes, I'll hold the wire. Hello! Yes, operator, oh, yes—yes, I have that. No, don't call them. Thanks a lot."

Tom turned from the phone.

"Well, Ed, Whitchall 6133 is the number of a party named Ghezic at 613 N. Smelt Street in Chicago. As soon as we can get some men out to take our pal Butch in tow we'll hop a plane for Chicago, and if I'm not mistaken we'll make the acquaintance of the Green kidnapers."

"That suits me great, Tom," Ed Dale enthused.

The following afternoon, Tom, Ed, Terry, and Buzz, the four G-Men, were sighting the Chicago sky-line from the air. It was a matter of moments before they had hopped a cab to North Smelt Street. They left the cab a block from their destination, in a tumble-down district, and laid out their campaign.

"613 is that run-down tavern there on the next corner, Tom," Ed pointed out.

"Yep," Tom agreed. "Buzz and I will go and put in a call to Whitchall 6133, to make sure it's the place. Ed, you and Terry drop into that tavern and hang around. Be near the telephone if you can. I'll get the telephone operator to help me fake a



Ed Had Found an Important Clue

call from Butch the Ripper in Detroit. We must get Ghezzi to answer the phone so you can look him over. We'll all meet here in ten minutes."

"O.K., Tom, in ten minutes," Ed and Terry agreed, and sauntered off.

In the tavern they lounged at a table near the open telephone on the bar and were soon rewarded by hearing the barman call to a flashily dressed individual, "Hey, Ghezzi, it's for you—Detroit callin'—wanta take it?"

"Yeah!" he agreed.

From a nearby booth Tom Traylor growled out, "Lo, Ghezzi? Butch talkin'. Things is swell over here so far. What about th' dough?"

"I ain't heard yet, Butch," Ed and Terry heard Ghezzi reply. "Jus' sit tight. I'll call ya back after I run out to th' shack."

This was just what the G-Men wanted to hear! Back on the street, Tom flashed his badge to commandeer an automobile, picked up Buzz and Ed, and they all streaked through town on the trail of a sleek black sedan.

An hour's dizzy ride brought them to a wooded side-road down which the gangsters' sedan had disappeared.

"It's a cinch the shack isn't far away now," Tom reasoned. "Let's spread out



Ed Dale Found Green Alive

in the woods and close in on them. Is everybody ready?"

Tom's assignment was to rush the door. He inched his way up to the shack, keeping to the cover of trees; then, with two leveled automatics before him, he swung at the door with a hefty kick.

"All right, everybody, hands up!" he commanded.

"Oh, yeah?" came a snarl he recognized as Ghezzi, "take that, copper!"

There was a flash of flame in Tom's direction, then another from the window where Terry was silhouetted, and Ghezzi dropped his gun with a scream of pain. That did for the gangsters! Fumblingly they raised their hands in surrender as Traylor led the G-Men into the shack.

It was Ed Dale, entering through a rear window, who came upon the trap door. Lifting it he saw a shallow hole just large enough to hold the cramped, bound body of J. B. Green!

"Here he is, Tom!" he shouted, and he and Tom soon had the kidnap victim.

Soon Buzz, Terry, and Ed were loaded into the sleek sedan with their hand-cuffed prisoners, while Tom and Mr. Green prepared to follow them back to Detroit. Tom Traylor felt that he and his friends had done a worth-while job!



The Gangsters Surrendered

TARZAN OF THE APES . . .

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

and the Hidden Treasure

TARZAN of the Apes swung lithely along through the tree branches, on his way down to the ocean shore for a dip in the surf. As he drew near the placid waters of the land-locked harbor, he saw that a great ship floated there, and that a small boat was making for the beach, heavily loaded with passengers, bundles, and boxes.

For a moment Tarzan stared in wonder at the strange scene; then, seeing one of the seamen point down the shore, a sudden realization of their purpose struck him.

They were heading for his cabin!

On a protected stretch of beach stood the little cabin in which Tarzan often spent quiet days away from the turmoil and constant struggle of jungle life. Now he swung down through the intertwined branches, heading straight for his refuge.

Once inside, Tarzan quickly gathered up his most precious possessions and carried them out onto the beach. Snatching up a thin strip of bark and a crude pencil, he printed lines of firm characters on the bark, and stuck the notice to the door of



He Put a Notice on the Cabin Door

the cabin with a sharp wood splinter. Then he pulled himself up into the trees.

The small boat was now scraping on the shore. Tarzan watched from the shelter of the thick jungle foliage as the rough-looking seamen handed out two elderly men and a handsome younger one. This little party advanced toward Tarzan's cabin, followed by the seamen carrying the boxes and bundles.

Tarzan was mystified by the whole procedure. He had no way of knowing that the two elderly business men had chartered the ship for a treasure hunt on which they were accompanied by the young son of one. He could not know that they had indeed found the treasure, and that on the homeward journey the greedy crew had mutinied and was marooning them here on a deserted shore to take the treasure for themselves.

Tarzan only knew that the party was now advancing toward his cabin. As they reached it they viewed with surprise the newly made sign. One of the scholars stepped forward to read it aloud while the rest, including the sailors who could



Tarzan Swung Through the Branches

not read, clustered eagerly around.

"This is the house of Tarzan the killer of beasts and many black men," he read wonderingly, while Tarzan, high in the trees above, pounded his chest with pride. "Do not harm the things which are Tarzan's. Tarzan watches. Tarzan of the Apes."

Mutters of superstitious fear spread among the sailors, and without delay they started back for the captured ship, leaving behind them a courageous but desolate group of castaways.

The thought uppermost in the minds of all was, "Who is Tarzan of the Apes?"

Tarzan was indeed watching them; he saw the two elderly men start off for a brief look around in the nearby jungle, leaving Jeffrey, the younger man, to guard the tiny cabin. Jeffrey stood watch on the lonely beach until the jungle night fell.

Still the two others had not returned, so Jeffrey decided that it was up to him to go out after them. Alone and armed only with a revolver, he turned and walked into the depths of the jungle.

In the branches above him Tarzan followed, for he liked the young man. It was Tarzan who caught the yellow glint of a sleek hide moving toward the youth.

The shrill cry of the challenging ape



Tarzan Swung Jeffrey Through the Trees

was Jeffrey's first warning of danger. His blood chilled at the eerie sound, and he spun around, then froze with terror at the sight.

In the dusk close behind him shimmered the tawny hide of a huge lion. As the helpless Jeffrey watched the lion's cautious approach, he heard a pinging sound in the branches above, and the beast screamed with pain as an arrow caught at his vital organs.

Then, to Jeffrey's amazement, a bronzed young giant dropped from the tree above, landing squarely onto the lion's back. With one arm Tarzan grasped the beast's straining throat; his other hand held a knife which he plunged again and again into the side of the huge, struggling beast. At last the huge body rolled lifeless on the jungle sod.

Then without a word Tarzan started off through the trackless jungle maze, motioning Jeffrey to follow him.

As Tarzan hounded with effortless ease through the inky tangle, Jeffrey began to be left helplessly behind. Fearing to be abandoned in the dread jungle night, Jeffrey called to Tarzan. The powerful young giant dropped down beside the young stranger. Stooping over, he showed Jeffrey how to grasp him firmly about the



Tarzan Was Watching the Castaways

neck. Then, with his cumbersome burden on his back, Tarzan took to the trees again.

From lofty branch to swaying vine Tarzan swung in dizzying arcs until, after a few moments of breath-taking thrills, Jeffrey found himself once more beside the cabin. With light-footed skill Tarzan swung himself and his burden down to the ground and waited while the dazed Jeffrey dropped from his back.

Now Tarzan began to look around the cabin for the two older men, and by signs Jeffrey explained that they, too, were apparently lost in the jungle.

Cautioning Jeffrey, with eloquent gestures, to stay close to the cabin, Tarzan disappeared once more into the thicket.

It was nearly dawn when he returned with the two exhausted explorers. Jeffrey rushed out to greet them, and when they turned to thank Tarzan for rescuing them, he had vanished.

While the castaways, reunited by the efforts of the marvelous Tarzan, related their harrowing experiences, the ape-man was swinging his way along the jungle-lined shore to the northward.

At last he saw, far out at sea, the treasure ship sailing away with mutinous sailors at the helm. Behind it raced a column of smoke above a low black shape on the



The Mutineers Buried the Treasure

water. Tarzan was once more amazed.

The sailors making away with the treasure were no less startled than Tarzan at the appearance of the government cruiser behind them. The sailing ship came about and headed for a small cove. After much noisy scurrying about on the deck a small boat was launched, carrying several seamen and a huge chest. The men pulled rapidly for the narrow stretch of beach.

Tarzan was there before them, concealed in the trees above their heads. He watched as the men beached the boat, and then staggered across the sand under the weight of the great chest. Now a quarrel arose and mounted in fury until one evil-faced sailor swung his pick and buried its point deep in the skull of another.

After that the remaining sailors fell fearfully to work. They dug a deep hole, pushed the chest into it, threw the corpse in on top of the chest, and shoveled back the dirt to conceal their work.

Tarzan waited until the small boat had once more returned to the waiting ship. When the sailors had clambered aboard and pulled the boat after them, Tarzan slipped to the ground and began awkwardly to dig with a spade he found.

Meanwhile the ship lost no time in getting away under full sail, for the smoke



He Brought Back the Two Elderly Men

on the horizon had increased.

Tarzan soon uncovered the chest and dragged it from the hole, replacing the corpse and earth. Hoisting the chest—under which four sailors had sweated—onto his back, Tarzan started back through the dense jungle with the stolen treasure.

He felt instinctively that the chest must contain something valuable, after witnessing the fierce and bloody fight over it. It did not open when he hammered at it with a spade, so he decided to take it to his new friends.

On his arrival at the cabin with the chest, the two older men rushed out to greet him. When they recognized the chest he was carrying, they were completely dumbfounded. They watched eagerly while Tarzan explained by signs and gestures how he had come into possession of the chest, but Tarzan soon realized that, great as was their delight at having the chest back, the two men had something more important on their minds.

When he looked about the tiny clearing, he realized that Jeffrey was missing!

His suspicion was correct. Jeffrey had started out along the beach alone. Suddenly the two men watching heard a horrible challenging cry. When they rushed to investigate, Jeffrey was not there.



Tarzan Studied the Footprints



The Savage Started a Small Fire

As soon as he understood the situation, Tarzan sped off down the beach. With uncanny accuracy he made for the spot where Jeffrey had struggled with his unknown assailant. For a moment Tarzan studied the jumble of footprints. Spurred on by the knowledge that Jeffrey had been captured by one of the wild black men of the jungle, he waved a hasty farewell to the anxious watchers and swung off into the thicket.

Meanwhile Jeffrey was undergoing a hideous experience. His stroll along the beach had been interrupted by the appearance of a black warrior from the waving underbrush. The fellow jumped out with a horrible war-cry, and thrust the point of a crude but deadly-looking spear against Jeffrey's ribs. Thus cut off from escape, the white man was helpless, and made his way quietly along the path the black pointed out.

The march through the jungle was like a nightmare to Jeffrey, made the more horrible because he had heard of the terrifying welcome a white prisoner receives at an African cannibal village. His dazed mind was swarming with sinister tales of cannibal death dances, with the prisoner bound to a stake in the middle of the squirming circle.

It would not be a clean, quick death—that was not the way of the cannibals. They liked to see the prisoner struggling against increasingly horrible tortures, finally wilting slowly into the dull relief of unconsciousness and death.

All these thoughts pressed upon the tired brain of Jeffrey as he marched along, torn and bruised by twigs and brush, constantly prodded by the cannibal's spear.

It was a relief to him when the black suddenly tugged at his coat and motioned him to halt. When he set about building a small, sheltered fire and pulled out of his quiver some chunks of meat, Jeffrey realized that they were to camp for the night before returning to the village.

It was apparent, though, that it would be almost suicidal for him to attempt escape here, a long day's journey in the depths of the jungle. His choice was apparently limited to one of two horrible deaths—a dismal gamble indeed.

While Jeffrey was brooding over his gloomy fate, Tarzan was speeding through the jungle on his trail. Without hesitation he followed the track straight toward the savage's home village. The thought that a man of his own race, one whom he thought of as a friend, might be facing the merciless tortures he had often seen in-



Tarzan Lassoed Jeffrey's Captor

flicted on blacks spurred him on. After hours of travel, when the sudden tropical night had blanketed the jungles in black, he caught the flickering of a small blaze from his treetop perch.

He was not too late! Creeping carefully out above the tiny campfire, Tarzan seized a length of pliant vine, coiled it into a lariat, and dropped it skillfully about the shoulders of the astonished black. Dropping lightly into the clearing, he bound the black into helplessness, then turned to the exhausted Jeffrey.

Jeffrey had wearily risen to his feet when he recognized his savior, and he now held out a grateful hand to Tarzan. Tarzan grinned and shrugged his shoulders.

Even Tarzan's magnificent physique felt the strain of the last hours, so he guided Jeffrey to a sheltered bower in the fork of a huge tree, and there they rested until morning.

Back at the cabin, Jeffrey's father and his friend kept a weary vigil that night, and by morning they had almost given up hope of the youth's return. They had almost given up hope for their own rescue, too, when one of them happened to glance out to sea. Far out on the waters but heading for the shore he saw the two boats Tarzan had seen before—the low black



Tarzan Was Following the Trail

cruiser and the captured sailing vessel.

Awkwardly the two men gathered brush for a fire on the beach; when its first feathery plumes of smoke were rising into the still air they tore up strips of cloth to wave as signals.

Soon they shouted for joy as they saw that a boat was being lowered from the cruiser. Manned with sailors and officers, it made smartly for the shore. When the boat was beached, a young officer stepped out and greeted the castaways. He told of boarding the sailing vessel and finding it in the hands of a few inefficient sailors. When they demanded an explanation, the mutineers finally admitted their treachery and agreed to guide the cruiser back to rescue the marooned men.

The castaways now described their adventures and told of the loss of the third member of their party. The commander of the cruiser was sympathetic but not hopeful about Jeffrey's return. He was frankly skeptical when they described Tarzan and his marvelous rescues. In any event, he said, the cruiser could not delay longer than nightfall.

Through the long tropical day the two men watched the dark shoreline of the jungle. No Jeffrey appeared. Gloomily they packed up their belongings and pre-



Tarzan Watched the Cruiser Disappear

pared to depart. The supplies they decided to leave in the forlorn hope that Jeffrey might return.

The boat was loaded, the two grief-stricken passengers took one last look at the doomed shore, and at sunset they were on their way out to the ship.

But hark! Over the water floated the unforgettable shrillness of the ape call! Peering back through the gloom one of the seamen made out two human figures on the shore. At a sharp command the boat swung back toward shore.

Jeffrey insisted that Tarzan accompany them back to civilization, and the others seconded the invitation. But Tarzan solemnly shook his head. He pointed to them, and then to the boat riding the ocean swells. He pointed to himself, and to the beckoning jungle.

Jeffrey nodded in understanding. This was Tarzan's world, and he could no more leave it than Jeffrey could stay here.

Soon Tarzan stood on the deserted beach, watching the lights of the cruiser blink out against the horizon. When the last sign of life disappeared from the empty ocean, Tarzan turned away toward the jungle. As he vanished into its vastness there floated back over the waters the challenging cry of the ape-man.



The Crew of the Cruiser Came Ashore

TAILSPIN TOMMY...

and the San Felipe Revolution

By HAL FORREST

TAILSPIN TOMMY hurried into the office of Mr. Paul Smith at Three Point.

"What is it, Mr. Smith?"

"Tommy," said the airport manager with a worried air, "a radio from San Felipe says a revolution has just broken out down there."

"A revolution!" exclaimed Tommy. "Wonder if Betty's safe?"

"Well," said Mr. Smith significantly, "she's the guest of Conchita Castellano, and old Don Castellano is the president's right-hand man."

"I see," said Tommy quickly. "If the rebels get after the Castellanos, Betty will be on a hot spot."

Mr. Smith nodded gravely.

"She can fly out of the country," suggested Tommy hopefully. "But maybe they've seized her plane," he added gloomily.

"That's why I called you," said Mr. Smith. "Now if you and Milligan want a couple of days' vacation—"

"Thanks!" interrupted Tommy. "We're leaving for San Felipe right now!"



"Wonder if Betty's Safe?" Exclaimed Tommy



The Rebel Raid on the Plantation

Five minutes later a fast monoplane roared down the runway at Three Point and soared into the air. It climbed to 12,000 feet, found a tail wind, and sped southward.

While Tommy and Skeets raced for San Felipe, a little drama was taking place in the jungles of that Central American country. Rebel soldiers were leading three angry prisoners down a jungle trail. The prisoners were Betty Lou Barnes, Don Castellano, and Conchita Castellano, Betty's old school chum. Only two hours before, still unaware of the outbreak of the revolution, they had been surprised and captured by a rebel band at the Castellano plantation.

"Just wait till the American consul hears about this!" Betty complained as they rode through the steaming jungle.

"I'm so sorry," said Conchita. "They had no right to take you with us!"

"They weel all pay for thees!" stormed old Don Castellano.

The rebel soldiers, flourishing revolvers, told them to be quiet. Mile after mile they rode over the rough, miserable trail.

"We're going to the old Garcia Estate, I guess," said Conchita.

Betty gradually fell behind the rest of the party.

"Maybe I can make a break!" she reflected.

A soldier, noticing that she lagged, slowed his horse until Betty came up to him. They were now fifty yards behind the others.

"Pronto!" he growled, giving Betty's horse a kick in the ribs.

"Stop that!" snapped Betty.

The soldier leered and caught Betty around the waist. With a quick motion the girl wrested herself free and snatched the man's revolver from its holster.

"Not a sound!" she commanded, covering him. "Keep going, or I'll put some holes in you!"

Betty stopped her horse and motioned the soldier to go ahead. As he rounded a bend in the trail, she turned her horse and galloped back toward the Castellano plantation.

Two hours later Tommy and Skeets landed at the airport of San Sebastian, capital of San Felipe. They accosted a federal officer and questioned him eagerly. San Felipe, he told them, was still in government hands, but several outlying



Betty Snatched His Revolver

towns had been occupied by General Galbas' rebels. Just an hour ago, the officer said, the cook from the Castellano plantation had come in with the news that Don Castellano, his daughter, and a guest had been kidnaped by the rebels, and presumably taken to rebel headquarters.

"Where are the headquarters?" demanded Tommy.

The officer described the old Garcia estate, twelve miles from San Sebastian. Two minutes later Tommy and Skeets were again in the air, racing for the rebel stronghold.

"The nerve of that general—kidnaping an American citizen!" grunted Skeets.

"The general won't dare to hold her," said Tommy.

They came within sight of the Garcia estate—a large plantation with five or six buildings, an encampment, and a field on which several airplanes were visible. A minute later Tommy's plane rolled to a halt near the rebel planes. As he climbed out, followed by Skeets, shouting soldiers hurried up.

"Where is General Galbas?" demanded Tommy.

"Americanos!" exclaimed a sour-faced officer.



They Rode Through the Jungle

"General Galbas!" insisted Tommy. "We want to see him!"

The scowling officer led them toward a big hacienda.

"Look!" said Skeets suddenly. "Bet it's the big cheese himself."

Around the corner of the hacienda appeared a plump, mustached horseman, magnificently uniformed and accompanied by guards. His fat face wore an oily smile. The soldiers who had taken Skeets and Tommy in charge saluted obsequiously.

"Americanos!" exclaimed the General Galbas in a shrill voice. "What will you wish here?"

Tommy spoke with as much dignity as he could command.

"Where is Betty Barnes—the Americano sciorita?"

"Pronto!" added Skeets.

A cloud passed over the general's face. He shrugged his shoulders.

"No está aquí, señors. She's not here."

"Just the answer I expected," muttered Tommy. "We're going to search this camp. I don't trust that bozo."

The general glared at them. He issued an order, and several soldiers sprang forward with their guns ready.

"You come weeth us," said one of them.



They Arrived at San Sebastian



They Raced for the Rebel Stronghold

Prodded by rifles, Tommy and Skeets were directed toward the hacienda. They were taken down into a dimly lit cellar with barred windows. Guards pushed them into an evil-smelling cell, and the door was slammed behind them.

"Well I'll be blasted!" gasped Skeets.

"Hey, let us out of here, you lizards!" shouted Tommy after the retreating guards.

Only a shrill laugh answered him.

While Tommy and Skeets were talking over their predicament, they heard sudden shouts outside. Rifle shots sounded near the edge of the encampment. Excited men ran past the cell window. The sound of rifle fire was punctuated by the rat-tat-tat of machine guns.

"The federals have arrived!" exclaimed Tommy.

The boys began to beat on the door of their cell and shout at the top of their lungs.

A rebel guard soon appeared outside the door.

Tommy's quick wit formed a plan instantly. He doubled up and began staggering about the cell.

"I'm wounded!" he groaned.

The amazed soldier unlocked the door. As he entered the cell, Tommy's doubled

body suddenly straightened. His fist caught the astonished guard full on the chin and dropped him dazed to the floor.

"Quick, Skeets!" whispered Tommy.

The boys sprang up the stairs. As they emerged into the open, they saw excited soldiers running about the encampment. Heavy firing still sounded from the tent line.

Skeets and Tommy ran for their plane, two hundred feet away.

"I'll turn the prop!" gasped Tommy when they reached it.

Skeets jumped into the forward cockpit. Tommy turned the propeller. When the engine started, Tommy ran back and clambered into the rear cockpit.

But luck was against him. As the plane began moving across the field, a stray bullet grazed Tommy's head. Dazed with pain, he stood erect in his cockpit, reeled, and toppled out onto the ground. Skeets, unaware of the accident, sped across the field and rose into the air.

Soldiers, running up, fired wildly at the fleeing plane. Then they turned to Tommy, who was weakly getting to his feet. They dragged him back to the cellar of the hacienda and threw him into a cell.

"Well!" groaned Tommy when he was alone. "A swell stunt of mine!"



Tommy Hit the Guard

With trembling fingers he pulled off his torn helmet and touched the spot where the bullet had grazed him.

"Whew!" he muttered as he bound his head with a handkerchief. "That was close enough!"

The fight outside was going against the federals. The firing dwindled and finally ceased altogether.

"Guess I'll have to make myself at home here," grumbled Tommy.

He pulled off his jacket and sank down on the rude bed in the cell. Weak from his wound, he quickly fell asleep.

He was awakened by a rifle barrel prodding him in the side. Three guards stood over him.

"The General—he see you," said one of them.

Closely guarded, Tommy was taken upstairs into the big front room of the hacienda. General Galbas and one of his officers were by the window.

"Ah, the Americano!" scowled the general. "You weel not escape again!"

"Where is Betty Barnes?" snapped Tommy.

"Silence!" commanded the general. "I will make the talk."

At his gesture, the guards behind Tommy left the room. A moment later they



"Where Is Betty Barnes?"

returned with a distinguished-looking old man and a beautiful young woman.

"Welcome, Don Castellano," grimaced the general.

"Galbas!" said Don Castellano angrily. "You will release us—"

"Silence!" commanded the rebel officer. He stepped forward and slapped the old Don.

Burning with indignation, Tommy whipped a sizzling right to the rebel's jaw. As the man went down, Tommy snatched his pistol and covered General Galbas.

"Not a word from you!" he whispered fiercely, taking the general's gun.

"What does thees mean?" stammered the frightened general. "You weel—"

"Shut up!" commanded Tommy.

He turned to the bewildered Castellanos.

"I'm Betty Barnes's friend. Where is she?"

"She escaped," explained Conchita. "Probably she's back at the plantation by now."

"All right," said Tommy. "We're all going there—including the general."

Prodded by Tommy's pistols, General Galbas, trembling, led the way out of the hacienda. His supporters, seeing his life in danger, did not dare to refuse Tommy's



Tommy Demanded Horses

demand for horses. Two minutes later the little party, with Tommy's gun still covering his prisoner, galloped out of camp.

"We've got to make time!" said Tommy tensely.

Behind them soldiers were springing on horses and taking up the pursuit. But they did not dare to fire for fear of wounding their chief.

"You weel suffer for thees!" snarled General Galbas as they galloped down the trail.

Don Castellano, who had taken one of Tommy's guns, flourished it at the rebel chieftain.

"You weel go to prison, Galbas!" he panted.

General Galbas, pale with fear, relapsed into silence.

The hard-riding fugitives managed to keep their lead over their pursuers. But when they had covered two miles, Conchita's horse began to falter. Suddenly he stumbled and almost threw his rider.

"You ride with me!" said Tommy, catching Conchita from her horse. "But now we've got to find a place to hold off that gang. We can't outride them."

"There's an old adobe house just ahead," gasped Conchita.



"What Does Thees Mean?" Stammered Galbas

A hundred yards further on they reached the clearing where the old adobe house gleamed in the hot sunlight. They galloped up to the house and dismounted. Pushing General Galbas ahead of him, Tommy entered the house, followed by the others.

"Tommy!" cried a feminine voice from a doorway.

"Betty!" exclaimed Tommy and Conchita together.

Betty rushed to Tommy and gave him a big hug. Then she embraced Conchita happily.

"Madre de Dios!" shouted old Don Castellano, looking through a window. "There they come!"

The rebel soldiers appeared at the edge of the clearing. Don Castellano poked his pistol through a window and fired. A soldier clutched his shoulder and reeled in his saddle. The others dashed for cover.

"That'll teach 'em!" cried Tommy, firing at another rebel. "But Betty—how did you get here?" he asked glancing over his shoulder.

"I escaped," said Betty excitedly. "But my horse threw me. I ran in here to hide, and I've been here ever since."

"We shall all be killed!" groaned General Galbas, cowering in a corner.



They Reached the Adobe House

"You girls lie on the floor!" commanded Tommy. "Bullets are coming through these windows."

The besiegers had dismounted and taken to the long grass that surrounded the house. Tommy and Don Castellano fired whenever they saw a patch of grass move.

"Look!" said Tommy suddenly. "They're going to storm the place!"

The rebels were spreading out. At a signal from their leader, they rushed toward the house, firing rapidly as they came.

Tommy and Don Castellano stood ready at their windows.

"Hold your fire till they're almost on us!" said Tommy. "Then we'll empty our guns."

As the shouting rebels came on, Betty suddenly uttered a cry.

"Listen!"

It was the roar of an airplane overhead. Tommy, forgetting the bullets that were zinging through the window, sneaked a look outward.

"The plane's diving this way!" he exclaimed.

"A federalista!" shouted Don Castellano happily.

The plane roared down toward the



Soldiers Took up the Pursuit

adobe house, spitting machine-gun bullets all the way.

As it came, several of the amazed rebels dropped in their tracks. The rest fled into the jungle.

The strange plane circled the adobe house twice and then headed eastward.

"Well," sighed Betty, "that was a relief."

"If you ask me," said Tommy suddenly, "that was Mr. Clarence Malligan of the U.S.A. I recognized the nose of the pilot in that plane."

As they looked through the window after the disappearing plane, they heard galloping hoofs in the jungle which surrounded the clearing.

"They have come back!" groaned Don Castellano.

"No," cried Conchita. "The federalistas!"

Into the clearing rode a troop of government soldiers. Don Castellano rushed to the door and flung it open.

"Madre de Dios!" he cried. "You have come at last!"

That evening a happy reunion was held at the Castellano plantation. Everyone had a story to tell.

Skeets, soaring away from his captors at the enemy airfield, had looked back



The Plane Roared Down

and seen Tommy being dragged back to prison. He had flown at full speed to San Sebastian and obtained a government pursuit plane. On his way back to Galbas' headquarters he had spied the rebels attacking the old adobe house and had put them to flight. Then, noticing a band of federal troopers approaching the house, he had flown back to the Castellano plantation to await his friends.

Tommy, Betty, Conchita, and the old Don had been escorted back to the plantation by the federalistas. Another party of soldiers had taken the frightened General Galbas to San Sebastian. The revolution had quickly collapsed when his capture became known among his followers.

"Some day's work," sighed Tommy as he sank back in his chair with a cooling drink.

"You were wonderful," cried Betty, kissing him.

"But how about me?" protested Skeets laughingly.

"You, too, were wonderful," smiled Conchita, planting a kiss on the former cowboy's forehead.

"You have saved my country," announced old Don Castellano. "A toast—for Libertad y Patria! Liberty and Fatherland!"



The Rebels Appeared

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